

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JULY 22, 1939

WHO'S WHO

ROBERT I. GANNON, President of Fordham University, was a member of the American Commission that has just returned from Venezuela . . . HELEN WALKER HOMAN has been associated with various weeklies and monthlies. Her contribution this week has the grace of her popular books, *By Post to the Apostles*, and *Letters to Saint Francis*. . . . JOHN E. KELLY has appeared frequently in these columns, as a very active and intelligent commentator on things Communistic. . . . BROOKE H. STEWART is a newcomer, to the Church and to AMERICA. He is a resident of New York, engaged in literary work. . . . WILLIAM G. RYAN supplies sufficient of his biography to take away the necessity of a note in this column. Mr. Ryan will contribute to the next two issues. There is much that he can say in private that cannot be freely published about the International Brigade and the Medical Bureau. . . . MARY T. McCARTHY wrote a letter. A few paragraphs struck us as literature, and so we begged permission to share her letter. . . . EMMET LAVERY, after his production on Broadway, after his assignments in Hollywood, went to the aid of the WPA Theatre Project. He resigned, though a more influential post was offered him; then, when the WPA was attacked, took back his resignation; and now he is out, as is the Theatre Project. . . . THE POETS. Need one extra word be added to the names of such notables?

NEXT WEEK. As a follow-up of Major Kelly's article, we are securing the story of the Youth Congress by a youth who walked out in protest. The Ryan story is good. Katherine Burton reminisces on some of the winding ways she followed into the Church.

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AMERICA. Published weekly by The America Press, 53 Park Place, New York, N. Y., July 22, 1939, Vol. LXI, No. 15, Whole No. 1554. Telephone BArclay 7-8993. Cable Address: Cathreview. United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly \$4.00; Canada, \$4.50; Foreign, \$5.00. Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, under Act of March 3, 1879. AMERICA, A Catholic Review of the Week, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

COMMENT

OUT of the 150 amendments to the Constitution proposed or considered since Civil War times, nearly one hundred have sought to make the Chief Executive ineligible for re-election. But only once, since 1900, has the issue caused a bitter clash in Congress. The Democratic National Convention of 1912 adopted a resolution favoring a single, six-year term for the President, and later a measure embodying the proposal was approved by the Senate. The measure met defeat in the House, however, principally because it was strenuously opposed by President-elect Wilson. Back in 1787, one bloc among the Founding Fathers wanted the President's term to be limited only by good behavior. Another group, led by Hamilton, wanted life tenure, subject only to impeachment. Others insisted on a fixed term of seven years, without privilege of re-election—a provision adopted by the Convention, but later rejected in favor of the present practice. Last week the Senate received reports on two proposed Constitutional Amendments, each providing for a single, six-year Presidential term. Senator Burke's proposal, it is interesting to note, was first offered two and one-half years ago. Even if it should happen to be adopted before the next Democratic National Convention, it would not keep President Roosevelt from being renominated or re-elected. On the contrary, if re-elected, he would then stay in office until January, 1947. Senator Wiley's proposal, if ratified by the States before the next election, would make President Roosevelt ineligible. If adopted by the country after he had begun a third term, his right to continue might be questioned. Of course, the probabilities are that neither Senator Burke's nor Senator Wiley's measure will be seriously considered by Congress this session. But if Congress is called back for an extra session, the issue will probably blow off the Capitol's dome.

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THE New Code adopted by the National Association of Broadcasters contains many points that will be seriously challenged by some, vehemently defended by others. The section regarding the dissemination of news alone concerns us. It is highly praiseworthy to be assured that news shall be presented with fairness and accuracy, unbiased, and that editing the news shall be excluded. We hope "this means that the news shall not be selected for the purpose of furthering or hindering either side of any controversial public issue nor shall it be colored by the opinions or desires of the station or network management, the editors or others engaged in its preparation or the person actually delivering it over the air, or in case of sponsored news-broadcasts, the advertiser." This is a large order, assuredly desirable, and ought to be realized

within a Government such as ours. Radio listeners who have endured much from the news commentators during the past will receive assurance from the above. Yet their hopes and aspirations meet a sudden shock in the next paragraph which permits analysis and elucidation of the news to permit listeners "to know what is happening and to understand the meaning of events so that they may form their own conclusions . . . so long as such analysis and elucidation are free from bias." There's the rub. While it is difficult and unwise to forbid all analysis of the daily happenings in a democracy, many hearers will still find their relief from the commentator in turning the dial to the straight news presentation—unless some unlikely transformation grips the commentator and news-casters as a result of the New Code.

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DURING the last few years of the Republic of Czecho-Slovakia, "Master John Hus," the pale, thin Reformer and embodiment of all Slav anti-Catholicism, was steadily passing out of the picture. Whatever were the inner sentiments of the Masaryk and Benes regime, as a practical measure for the spiritual unity of the Republic, they felt constrained to consider the feelings of Catholics in regard to Hus. The steady growth of Catholic religious life combined with the protests of the Holy See brought about the vigorous suppression of anti-Catholic manifestations on "John Hus Day." Commemorations of Hus could not be used as an occasion for insulting, as had been grossly done in times previous, the religious belief of Czech citizens. At the same time, the honor paid to Saints Cyril and Methodius, apostles of the Slavic peoples, grew apace; while Bohemia's King, good Saint Wenceslas, was restored to his traditional place as the nation's patron and chief religious hero. The violent disruption of the Republic has now the effect of undoing the good work of these latter years. Czech patriotism in the "dispersion" is being fanned again by recalling Hus, the nation's champion against the Germans, as seen by recent celebrations in this country. With the Hus revival comes the revival of bitter anti-religious hate. The disruption of Czecho-Slovakia, far from curing anti-Catholic or anti-religious tendencies, has the melancholy effect of merely driving them deeper into the consciousness of a determined people.

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IN the feuds that go on in the streets of New York between the sellers of Father Coughlin's *Social Justice* and the sellers of counteractive magazines—with the respective champions stationed about ten feet apart and each barking at the top of his voice—the situation is saved from becoming too

tense by merciful touches of humor. One of the entertainments which accompany these street battles is the placid face of a protecting policeman, one of whom must be stationed, at the city's expense, any place a pro-Coughlin and anti-Coughlin newsboy choose to engage in a warfare of shouts. Impartiality and Celtic features would seem to be irreconcilable; but we defy Commissioner Valentine or Mayor La Guardia in their most meticulous moods to scrutinize the face of the attending cop at one of these curbstone encounters and tell which way his sympathies are veering. The unevenness of ages in the contestants also makes these Coughlin feuds interesting. One day last week, on Forty-second Street, just west of Fifth Avenue, this observer watched a *lutte royale* between a fourteen-year-old newsboy (Coughlin's man) and a benevolent gentleman in his fifties, whom we think it would not be anti-Semitic of us to call a Hebrew. The boy kept crying: "Support Father Coughlin, the workingman's friend!" The anti-Coughlinite, in a delicious Yiddish accent that even Milt Gross would envy, was hollering: "Get behind the Catholic Bishops!" This observer could not help laughing. The nice Hebrew gentleman did not know what we were laughing at. To be frank, we did not know what we were laughing at ourselves. But we could not help laughing. And we trust it did no one any harm, because our intention was to be as Jovian as the attendant policeman.

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BRITISH INDIA has been seeing an epidemic of student strikes, which are staged on any conceivable pretext. One of the most widely publicized of all these strikes, since it took place in a Catholic institution, as well as one of the most utterly groundless, occurred in St. Xavier's College, Calcutta. The strike bore every evidence of being executed under the complete direction of professed Communist leaders, operating through the American Student Federation of Bengal. At first sight, a glaring inconsistency appears between the tactics of the Communist leaders in India, whose major slogan is "brutal British imperialism," and the pro-British persuasions of their colleagues in the United States. But the inconsistency is solely on the surface. Tactics in either instance are guided wholly by the immediate and local interests of furthering the Communist aims, which are in all cases to sow dissension—through "front" unions as readily as through rebellion, in order to fish in troubled waters. Familiarity, however, with the extreme versatility of the Communist agitator helps to show how scant a proportion of Communist "causes" may be taken at their face value.

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THE death of Havelock Ellis offered editorial writers a field-day for the airing of the bearded sexologist's views on the *Dance of Life*. By implication, the opponents of Ellis, even those who argued for a prudential reticence rather than a prudish taboo, were allied with the Victorians who denounced the author as a perverter of public mor-

als. By implication, also, since Ellis is hailed as the pioneer, the Catholic Church, despite the moral case-books of Saint Alphonsus, the treatises of Vermeersch and the studies in sexual psychology of Hürth, has done nothing at all for the science of sex. Ellis it was who first "made sex respectable," and not the Christ who constituted marriage a sacrament, a *magnum mysterium*! Ellis made sex "respectable" by preaching birth control, divorce and the dissemination of knowledge about sexual abnormalities, which the Church reserves to confessors and clinical practitioners. He was a master of style and on that account, to many, a satanic angel of light. But the caliber of his logic may be deduced from this argument for stripping the dark mystery from sex: "Suppose that eating and drinking were never spoken of openly, save in veiled or poetic language, and that no one ever ate food publicly because it was considered immoral and immodest to reveal the mysteries of this natural function. We know what would occur. . . . When the rigid secrecy [about sex] is once swept away, a sane and natural reticence becomes for the first time possible." We have abundant evidence of that sane and natural reticence among the modern disciples of Ellis.

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COPS have their own high destiny, as they are seen by Monsignor Arthur Jacman, Canon of Westminster, and Rector of Watford, within which parish limits the only English Pope was born. In his *Holy Rood Chronicle*, which some local wag described as more rude than holy, the Monsignor prints this *Policeman's Prayer*:

Dear Saint Michael, Heaven's glorious Commissioner of Police, who once so neatly and successfully cleared God's premises of all its undesirables, look with kindly and professional eye on our earthly Force. Give us cool heads, stout hearts, hard punches, an uncanny flair and an honest judgment. Make us the terror of burglars, the friends of children and law-abiding citizens, kind to strangers, polite to bores, strict with law-breakers and impervious to bribery. In troubles and riots give us sheer muscle without temper; at the police court, give us love for truth and evidence, without any thought of promotion. You know, dear Saint Michael, from your experience with the Devil, that the policeman's lot, whether in Heaven or on earth, is not always a happy one; but your sense of duty that so surprised God, your hard knocks that so surprised the Devil, and your angelic self-control that so surprised both, should be our inspiration. Only make us as loyal to the law of God as we are particular about the law of the land. And when we lay down our batons, enroll us in your Heavenly Force, when we shall be as proud to guard the throne of God as we have been to guard the City. Amen.

A glossary to this beautiful prayer will have to be supplied for our local policemen. Boys, batons mean sticks to you! Undesirables are *crooks*, *loafers*. Give us cool heads; translate: *keep our shirts on*. Law-abiding citizens mean *regular guys*. Love for truth and evidence means simply *telling a straight story*. In your lingo what they are trying to say is this: *Everybody gets flat-footed on this job sooner or later!*

INFANT COMMISSARS RULE THE YOUTH CONGRESS

The resolution against Communism did not please them

JOHN E. KELLY

THE delegate from Ohio gained the floor. "Mr. Chairman, I demand that this convention go on record as condemning Communism as well as Nazism and Fascism!" The Congress howled him down. This scene was enacted, not in the World Congress of the Comintern at Moscow, but in New York City, at a meeting claiming to speak in the name of the youth of America and in the year of democratic enlightenment, 1939. The "American" Youth Congress showed its true color, Moscow red, and its subsequent fumbling attempts to restore the mask were unavailing. Consistency is not a Communist characteristic, but a sense of showmanship would have mounted the Congress in the Soviet pavilion at the World's Fair.

Readers of AMERICA are familiar with the history of this youth movement. Originally sponsored by middle-of-the-roaders, the Congress machinery was captured in the first year by young Communists and has since remained firmly in their hands. The American Youth Congress is an affiliate of and was host to the World Youth Congress at the notorious convention held at Vassar College last year. Needless to say, all that is fine in American tradition was execrated, the sophistries and Godlessness of the Kremlin were exalted amid the theretofore peaceful precincts of an American campus.

The directorate is interlocking, a practice condemned by the SEC in industry but highly regarded by Lenin's disciples. Joseph Cadden and Gil Green of the Young Communist League, who dominated the Vassar meeting, were noisily present this month. They also control the American Student Union through stooges and professional students (AMERICA, *Little Red Schoolboys*, January 14, 1939). Communists, therefore, are entrenched in the leadership of the American youth movement, and may confidently expect the "Heroes of the Soviet Union" award from Stalin.

While they rode down the patriot opposition and whitewashed themselves to their satisfaction, the Reds encountered two discordant notes in the chorus of praise from their elders which they have come to expect as part of their due. For are they not, in the words of the immortal Rex Tugwell, about to "make America over"? Their usual pa-

trons were present to pour honeyed words over the proceedings: Mrs. Roosevelt and Paul Kern, of the local Popular Front, vied with ex-hero Benes in advice and praise. But, in their spare moments, the Red leaders read the papers and signs of mutiny met their gaze. "Pretty presumptuous" was Mr. Cadden's reaction. Fifty-six members of the New York State Legislature joined with Secretary of State Michael Walsh in demanding that the Congress "unequivocally record itself for the preservation of American democracy by definitely, decisively and publicly opposing Communism, as well as Nazism and Fascism."

Nor were they appeased by scanning the result of the effort of the American Labor Party to extend the official welcome of the City of New York to the Congress. City Clerk M. J. Cruise rallied sixteen members of the Council to defeat the resolution in the following declaration: "Unless the Congress so resolve itself against atheistic Communism as to leave no doubt in the American mind, it can never represent the youth of America. Until the American Youth Congress publicly and decisively repudiates Communist domination of its officers and policies, no truly representative American individual or organization will give it support." In these days of all too pliant political consciences, the signers of these statements deserve emphatic commendation.

Nor were all the delegates imbued with the true Communist spirit, the "democracy" that permits no deviation from the "Party line." Representatives of twenty-three of the 135 organizations present, urged adoption of the following addition to the "Creed" of the Congress (which condemns the State parties of Germany and Italy but makes no mention of Communism):

The American Youth Congress unequivocally states that its fundamental principles are based on a belief in God, the inviolability of human rights, private ownership of property, internal peace, and that it is the duty of society to cooperate to attain these objectives.

That the American Youth Congress condemns Communism, Nazism and Fascism, which are viciously opposed to these principles of American democracy; that while those groups which foster Communism, Nazism and Fascism are entitled to a free expression of their ideas under our bill of rights, they have

no place whatsoever in the American Youth Congress.

That their presence is a negation of the fundamental doctrines underlying any convention of American youth, which seeks a constructive and not destructive solution to economic and social problems besetting the nation.

No real American present could have withheld his vote. The Congress by acclamation shouted the resolution down; the proponents left the hall. Those remaining stamped themselves with the insignia of the Hammer and Sickle. So be it! It is their choice. The American people know now that the "American" Youth Congress by its own act has taken its place in the anti-American Red Front.

Among the proponents of the anti-Communist resolution was Murray Plavner, a member of the Jewish race, who prepared a very well written pamphlet of ninety-one pages entitled: *Is the American Youth Congress a Communist Front?* This drew an angry but ineffectual reply from Chairman Cadden. On the floor of the convention, Mr. Plavner was assailed as "anti-Semitic" by a delegate of the American Jewish Congress. This phenomenon, that persons attacking Communism are immediately assailed by Jewish spokesmen as anti-Semitic, is attracting much attention among earnest students of present-day trends. The identification of anti-Communism with anti-Semitism is as unfortunate as incorrect. If persisted in and called to public notice by such ridiculous instances as that cited above, it may prove a boomerang and recoil upon those starting the cry.

The resolution was beaten, but it became first-page news. Even editors of secular papers leaning leftward featured the discussion, either through sympathy with the winners and desire to advertise their triumph, or from a genuine sense of news value. The publicity created consternation in the ranks of the Congress. "Made in Russia" was the last stamp they wanted on their organization. As devout followers of the Popular Front ideology, they must deceive the bourgeoisie until the Red Day comes.

The brain trust, consisting of James B. Carey, secretary of the C.I.O. and chairman of the resolutions committee (indicative of the interlocking directorate of the radical front); Molly Yard, secretary of the American Student Union, whose activities on behalf of Red Spain and Communism at home have been commented on in AMERICA; Ephraim Kahn of the American Medical Students Association; Harriet Pickens of the Y. W. C. A., whose official songbook includes the *Internationale* and other Red anthems; Frances M. Williams of the Foreign Policy Association, whose war-mongering tactics recently drew a deserved rebuke from the *Saturday Evening Post*; Mary Jeanne MacKay, president of the National Students Federation, record presently unavailable, and Robert G. Spivack, secretary of the International Students Service, was called into action. Spivack is becoming almost a *genre* name for radical. The *American Mercury*, the Rand School, the *New Republic* and the youth organizations emblazon the name of the clan.

The great minds labored and brought forth a substitute resolution calculated to lull the casual reader. It did not condemn Communism. In meaningless jargon it recited:

Whereas the American Youth Congress is devoted to the principles of true democracy and the great constitutional freedoms of speech, press and assembly; be it resolved that this Congress of Youth record its opposition to all forms of dictatorship, whether they be Communist, Nazi, Fascist, or any other type, and that this Congress accord full freedom of speech and discussion to all young people regardless of race, creed, religion or political label whether Republican, Democrat, Socialist, Communist, Fascist or any other; and that this Congress be open in all its activities and its gatherings to all persons regardless of race, religion, creed, or political label, who are willing to abide by the principles of democratic procedure.

Much concern for religion by those who are sworn to destroy the image of the Saviour, much mouthing of democracy from a group who have no conception of its essence; toleration for the views of all—in words only. Chairman Cadden demonstrated his tolerance of opposing viewpoints and his adhesion to the substitute resolution, sputtering: "If anything proved the democracy of the Congress, it was the tolerance it showed for these unsuccessful disrupters, who don't represent anybody at all, letting them take up so much of the Congress' time with their tactics."

Robespierre complained similarly that his political opponents used the time of the Assembly, and sent them to the guillotine. Gil Green, Young Communist secretary, gilded the lily in explaining his vote. He voted for the substitute resolution because "Communism does not stand for dictatorship but for the greatest democracy." Thirty millions of Stalin's victims, comrades in the democracy of death, might recall to Mr. Green a similar union: "The lion and the lamb lay down together—with half the lamb in the lion's maw."

The "disrupters," however, still continued to assert that the Congress had shown "Communist control and domination." Alfred M. Lilienthal, who assisted in forming a Provisional Committee for American youth, pointed out that the Congress had refused on three occasions to go on record against Communism. "To pass finally a resolution mentioning Communism by name is an empty, face-saving gesture," he declared.

The Youth Congress leaders show how faithfully they have studied the teachings of Lenin, who impressed upon his disciples that, if they lied often enough, most people would come to believe them. Are the American people to be fooled with this lying mouthing of democracy and tolerance from leaders of American youth who make frequent trips to Moscow, where they would not dare set foot if their words were sincere? Are we to allow youth to be corrupted by the Godless? Or will we build a real American Youth Organization and wrest their following from Stalin's baby satraps? The strength of a nation lies in its youth; the choice is ours. Save youth and we save America. Deliver youth to the "American" Youth Congress and we invite the Commissars.

CATS LITURGICAL, DACHSHUNDS EDITORIAL

HELEN W. HOMAN

THIS is a true story. Of course, nobody will believe it. But if you do not mind, I would like to tell it anyway.

It is a true story. More than that, it is a contemporaneous story, a story about a contemporaneous kitten, a pious kitten, in fine, a liturgical kitten.

This kitten, being of the moment, is really news, and merits being interviewed for the daily press. Believe it or not, he is actually, in addition to being pious, also a Jesuitical kitten.

Hear, all ye Franciscans! You who follow the pattern of Saint Francis, who was always on the most intimate terms with kittens, puppies, birds and such—what can you have been thinking of, to permit this kitten to go over to the Jesuits? Now Saint Ignatius was a busy soldier who probably had very little time for pets. I wonder if he would mind this subtle infiltration of Franciscanism into his disciplined army, whether, perhaps, it is not almost a duty to call his attention to two or three matters which have, of late, impressed me greatly.

For even before the days of the kitten, there had been a precedent in the two dachshunds who were attached for a while to the editorial staff of AMERICA. To be sure, they had not been appointed by the Editor, but had, rather, been thrust upon him. It being a bad time for editorial dachshunds generally, he had charitably given them employment among the proofs and paste-pots of his editorial sanctum. One was called "Merca," with no disrespect to the Review or the nation; the other was named "Thought," after the Quarterly of Sciences and Letters.

It was never my pleasure to meet Merca personally, but it was Thought who struck me rather forcibly. I had gone to call upon the Editor, and had just opened the door. . . . A puppy still, he was what you would call a lively, vigorous Thought (no other sort would have felt at home in that office), and he was, above all, a cordial Thought. Within a few seconds, all barriers were down. We were certain that we had known each other all our lives, Thought and I—although it was obvious that he had selected the Editor as the recipient of his greatest confidence. Thought was, although definitely not a Nazi, thoroughly Germanic in appearance and in language. Yet in imagination and mischief, the Editor confided that he strongly suspected an Irish strain. At times, the Editor told me, he was a good Thought; most often, he was a bad Thought.

Elsewhere I have told the story of how, when given disciplinary orders, he refused to answer any save those uttered in the German tongue. Later I learned that he had lost his job on AMERICA (because the editors really had to work); but that

there was never any question of a loss of goodwill between them and Thought. They had found another and perhaps more suitable job for him on a nice farm out in New Jersey. There, it seems, his Celtic strain induced him to startle visitors by running up trees just like a cat, despite his Teutonic brevity of limb. From a high branch, he would look down and laugh at an open-mouthed audience below. I have not heard from him in months, but must look him up one of these days.

Which suggests the question: Should I introduce him to the kitten who has also joined the Jesuits? The two have much in common (although the kitten is definitely the more spiritual). But it is possible that they have so much in common that they would never understand each other at all. There is also the delicate matter of professional jealousy. The meeting would be either a great success or a great calamity. Perhaps, after all, it is better not to take any chances.

The kitten, less sophisticated, less urban in taste than Thought (who actually, let it be whispered, found Broadway alluring) did not join the New York Jesuits, but has chosen, rather, the Jesuits in a quiet suburban section of Kalkazan. Also, being more spiritual than intellectual, he has eschewed the nearby famous educational institution, and has attached himself solely to the church. It is such a lovely church that this is quite understandable. It stands on high ground, with a large and well kept surrounding lawn. There are all sorts of bushes and shrubbery in which the kitten may cavort when church attendance does not call.

I first met him on last Good Friday, on my way to attend the Mass of the Presanctified which, every year, is sung beautifully in this particular church, according to ancient liturgy, at high noon. We encountered each other on the lawn, and he received me with the utmost enthusiasm—almost as though he had been Thought himself. Of indiscriminate coloring, but particularly frolicsome and fat, his, too, is a most engaging personality. He was, apparently, extremely well fed—but I'll go into all that later on. I discovered that he had, like many spiritual people, extremely high spirits. Having learned that I was going to attend Mass, he followed me with unwavering decision right into the church itself.

But alas for the susceptibility of the human ego! To my shame, let it be confessed that I took this merely to be a mark of his personal esteem. As the first strains of the chant resounded, I remember feeling complacently gratified by such a compliment.

It took the Father Rector himself to disillusion me, as he did later on, with true Jesuit firmness yet kindness, seeing my sin with clarity and pointing the painful searchlight of truth right at the core of my weakness.

"Vanity!" he said decisively. "Sheer vanity! And just like a writer. Besides all of you being somewhat crazy, you are all quite crazy about yourselves. Now that kitten, I tell you, has been, ever since I took over this church, a regular attendant at all the services, Mass, Benediction, weddings and

funerals. He would no more think of missing Mass than I would. There was nothing personal whatever in his attendance today."

I blushed and hung my head.

"But isn't it rather unusual, Father——," I began feebly.

"What is more," he interrupted inexorably, "you would do well to follow the example of that kitten. Every day, he not only attends Mass, but each afternoon he makes the Stations of the Cross as well."

"Not—not the Stations—*actually*?"

"Of course. To be sure, he likes company when he is doing it. Some of the children come in after school. If you could be present," he added pointedly, "you would see him, going with the children from Station to Station, pausing for just the right amount of time before each one."

"You're not going to tell me, Father, that he also kneels?" I asked suspiciously.

"He would, if he were built that way," assured the Rector.

"A donkey, in the time of Saint Francis, knelt before the Sacred Host," I remembered. "Maybe this kitten will too, in time. From the way you're feeding him, I shouldn't be surprised to see him develop the extra necessary muscles. I never saw such a fat kitten in my life!"

"Feeding him!" exclaimed the Rector. "Don't you believe it. We never feed him. That's the queer part about it all."

"Do you mean to say you never feed that poor little kitten?" I began indignantly.

"You have forgotten that you have just spoken about his obesity. Do you really think he looks as though he needed food?"

"True, he doesn't," I admitted. "But someone must feed him. Who?"

"That is just it. We have asked almost everyone nearby, and no one will admit to it. Yet fed he is."

"He can't feed on church mice," I reflected, "for they are said to be nothing but skin and bones. He must be like the Carmelites—nobody knows how they are ever fed—and yet they live. How about his sleeping quarters? Is he a Trappist in that respect?"

"He sleeps," affirmed the Rector, "perfectly comfortably under that nice, big rhododendron bush over there. And you are not to call him Carmelite or Trappist or Franciscan, or anything but Jesuit. He's a Jesuit cat."

"I can see he has won Rectorial approval, all right. And of course he sold himself to me the moment I saw him. But what about others? Some people don't like cats—especially in church."

"He never makes the slightest bit of trouble. He is very quiet and unobtrusive about his religious duties. Sometimes, when I turn from the altar to read the Gospel to the congregation, I can just catch a glimpse of his tail waving down the aisle and disappearing under a pew."

It was not the Father Rector, but others, who told me of the only complaining voice that has yet been raised against him. It seems that one of the church ushers is a Hollander, while the sacristan is

Irish. Both are estimable men, though perhaps not sharing identical views on cats. The usher went, in troubled fashion, to the sacristan one day.

"You must," he said firmly, "ask Father Rector to get rid of that cat. He's a regular nuisance in the church."

"Sure," said the sacristan, "what do ye mean, nuisance? There was never such a well behaved, pious cat on land or sea! A liturgical cat, I tell you. He loves the chanting and the organ."

"A liturgical cat!" exclaimed Hans, disgustedly. "As if——"

"Sure, I'll bet he knows more about the Liturgy than you do," retorted the sacristan.

"But it's not proper to have a cat in a sacred place!"

"Did ye never hear the saying that even a cat may look at a King?" demanded the sacristan.

"You're a nut," said Hans. "Anyway, I want you to tell Father Rector that, as far as I'm concerned, the cat must go."

"Sure, I'll tell him ye said so—but ye can bet your last dollar that Father Rector won't part with him."

And so it was. For Father Rector's reply was: "Tell Hans I'd sooner get rid of *him* first."

Since then, Hans has not said anything further.

Not long ago I encountered the Father Rector on the street.

"How's the cat?" I began.

"Never better. And he has not missed a single service." Then he added: "You know, every time I look at that cat, I think of you."

There was a suspicious twinkle in his eye. Certainly, it cannot be the cat's church-going proclivities which remind the Rector of me, for I have not been in his particular church since last Good Friday, the day I met the cat.

What, then, did he mean? You never know, with a Jesuit.

— — —

NOTE: An obituary notice might be added to this article, and also to a Mer(i)ca. To her loss, be it said, Mrs. Homan never became acquainted with the pioneer editorial dachshund, the predecessor to her friendly Thought. They were brothers, alike in all things save their dispositions. Whereas Merca was gentle, Thought was thuggish. As H. W. H. avers truthfully, Thought turned longing eyes all too frequently toward Broadway. But Merca was happiest as a recluse in the nearby garden, and was often discovered on the fire-escape near the chapel window. Thought made advances, it must be agreed, to Mrs. Homan and other ladies; Merca showed a decided preference for the gentlemen, and especially for the clerics, who visited the editorial premises. In a most incontrovertible way was he the Jesuit dachshund *par excellence*. The assertion is made, not because of his pronounced virtue, but because of his coming and his going. He was born on the Feast of the Jesuit Martyrs of North America and departed life on the Commemoration of the Canonization of Saint Francis Xavier, the feast that ends the Novena of Grace. *Editor.*

AN AMERICAN COMMISSION CONSULTS WITH VENEZUELA

Catholicism is the firmest link between the Americas

ROBERT I. GANNON

FRONTING on a busy marketplace in Caracas stands the Casa de Bolívar. It is a beautiful example of a Spanish Colonial town house and might well have served, in reproduction, as the Venezuelan exhibit at the Fair. The old patios and fish ponds and tooled leather chairs would have been a relief in the midst of such a glut of modernity. But especially interesting and significant would have been the paintings which were done by the great Salés for the walls of this second Mount Vernon. For here the most important events in the life of the Liberator are put in a true and different perspective. Some are battles, of course, and some are scenes of triumph, but the First Holy Communion of Bolívar has the largest space of all. So that visitors to the Fair could have seen at once that Venezuela is not synonymous with revolution and dictatorship. It is a country of gracious and ancient culture which is proud of its Catholic antecedents.

In fact, the first political pronouncement of the nation, its Declaration of Independence (1811), breathes, like our own, the spirit of Faith: "Taking the Supreme Being as witness to the justice of our actions and the rectitude of our intentions. . . ." It goes further, mentioning explicitly its devotion to the Roman Catholic Church. President Lopez Contreras was reverting to type rather than introducing an innovation, when he invited a North American Social Service Commission, which was obviously Catholic from the beginning, to visit Venezuela and consult with his representatives on social questions uppermost in his mind. Blanco, Castro and Gomez might turn in their graves; but as long as there were Catholic experts in the United States who could answer his difficulties, the President decided that they should form the first group of this kind to be welcomed to Venezuela.

Of course, like every other successful venture, there was careful planning beforehand. The moving spirit of the whole Commission was Rev. James M. Drought, Vicar General of the Maryknoll Fathers, a human dynamo with the vision of a poet. He had visited Caracas during the Christmas holidays and with the enthusiastic cooperation of the then American Minister, Antonio C. Gonzales, and his very capable wife, had aroused the interest of the Government.

The moment happened to be propitious, for all the best minds in Venezuela, following the lead of the President, had been devoting themselves recently to plans for social betterment. Without any internal or external debt to worry about and enough money coming in from oil to make direct taxes superfluous, they had been studying particularly such basic problems as health, education, prison reform, child care and labor. So that, when Father Drought proposed to bring down a selected group to discuss North American mistakes and South American possibilities, the response was perfect.

The North American Commission, made up of twenty-one members and five secretaries, met a Venezuelan Commission of equal size at an opening ceremony in the Santa Capilla on June 21. Here, in the presence of the Nuncio, the Most Rev. Aloysius Centoz, and of the Most Rev. Miguel Mejia, Auxiliary Bishop of Caracas, Padre Vincent Pardo, S.J., preached a sermon of welcome in English and Spanish. Benediction was given and everyone proceeded to the Municipal Theatre, where there were more compliments from our hosts. The Rev. John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., President of the University of Notre Dame, who had been invited by Father Drought to preside as Chairman of the Commission, replied in Spanish on behalf of the visitors.

The next morning the real work began. The group was divided into Committees for the consideration of such problems as these: child welfare, public hygiene, organization of a social-service school, education (especially rural schools, teacher training and general administration), housing, the press, finances and labor relations. Each morning these Committees, averaging about ten members with a Venezuelan chairman, would work for three hours, and in the afternoon the Commissioners would meet for the reading of formal papers and further discussion. Bishop Mejia attended the session which was devoted in part to the burning subject of teaching religion in the public schools. Free time was devoted to visiting the offices of the various Cabinet Ministers and making excursions to all sorts of institutions in and around Caracas. On the last day, recommendations from all the Committees were submitted to the combined Commission

and drafted for presentation to the Government.

Throughout, the tone was uniformly cordial. The Venezuelans were frank about their difficulties and handicaps, and the North Americans were equally frank about the mistakes of their own experiments. There was no false shame on one side nor misguided patronizing on the other, and very little time was wasted anywhere.

Almost ranking the meetings in importance was a series of elaborate entertainments. Every night there were friendly and interminable dinners beginning at ten o'clock, and every afternoon a luncheon or a cocktail party. On June 24, the anniversary of the decisive battle of Carabobo, the Mission attended as special guests the first celebration of National Army Day on the spot where the battle was fought. The Field Mass was celebrated by the Bishop of Valencia and, afterward, the President reviewed the crack regiments of the entire army. In a ceremony which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it, the North Americans placed an enormous wreath on Bolivar's monument.

As a final gesture, President Lopez Contreras, a quiet, studious old soldier, who might remind you a little bit of de Valera, gave a splendid reception in honor of the Commission at his private villa. With great simplicity, he and his charming wife moved about among the guests, helping them to cakes and wine. He was happy in his undemonstrative way. It was evident that he regarded his little experiment as a great success.

HE SERVED IN SPAIN WITH THE BRIGADE

WILLIAM G. RYAN



(Upon receipt of an article written by Mr. Ryan, dealing with the Medical Bureau and the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, the Editor replied to Mr. Ryan, pointing out the necessity of having documentary proof for each charge and allegation, and requiring the author to submit testimony as to his authenticity. Far from being offended, Mr. Ryan wrote at length about himself and his experiences. His letter was so enlightening that the Editor requested permission to publish it, as written. It is herewith submitted, and may be taken as introductory to his revised article on the Medical Bureau, scheduled for publication next week. Editor)

IN reply to yours of June 15, it is not at all difficult to establish my identity, or the facts of my service in the International Brigades in Spain. That I was a soldier there is so well attested by letters, military passes, newspaper notices, personal contacts

with other veterans, etc., that it has never been challenged.

Conclusive evidence of my Spanish service is obligingly supplied by the *Mid-West Daily Record*, Chicago Communist newspaper. On the editorial page of the April 6, 1939 issue of that daily, Bernard Havens, International Brigade veteran and Secretary of the Chicago Post of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, strongly confirms my presence in Spain. This gentleman has nothing very flattering to say about me, and he unquestionably deeply regrets that I escaped the Communist firing squad. But he does not attempt to deny my presence in Spain.

Since my return, I have appeared before numerous audiences and have on most of these occasions been confronted by several selected hecklers sent by the Communist Party or one of its affiliates. These persons have publicly affirmed my presence in Spain so often that it is generally accepted as a well established fact.

In addition to Mr. Schnering, Father Kennedy of the *Catholic Herald Citizen* will vouch for my character and authenticity. Editorial comment on my magazine articles has recently appeared in the *Catholic Herald Citizen* of Milwaukee, and I have been interviewed and quoted by the editor. I am acquainted with Eugene Lyons, editor of *The American Mercury*, and have on two occasions spoken from the same platform with him. An article of mine, *Escape from Loyalist Spain*, was published in the April issue of *The Mercury*. Mr. Lyons once devoted one of his columns in the Socialist *New Leader* to our Spanish experiences. He will, I believe, be ready to supply you with information about me.

Prior to going to Spain, I had never been accused of any crimes or misdemeanors, not even so much as a traffic-law violation. Since my return, I must admit I have been accused of a great many—drunkard, wife-beater, forger, liar, coward, deserter, Hitler spy and, most devastating of all, Red-baiter. Strangely enough, I developed all these vicious characteristics in Spain after attaining the age of thirty-four years. By a remarkable coincidence, the deterioration in my moral fiber began immediately after I became critical of the murderous methods employed by the Stalinist regime in Spain.

Shortly before the comrades discovered my innate cowardice, they made the error of allowing me to be written about in the *New York Times* as an International Brigade hero and, on two occasions, I was cited in military reports (by Captains Fletcher and O'Daire of the English Battalion) for carrying in wounded men under heavy fire. In both cases I volunteered for the task, which was not part of my regular duty. In the second instance, two men were killed in the first attempt to rescue Patterson, the wounded man, and it was very difficult to get another volunteer for the second attempt.

All of this has since been expurgated from the International Brigade records; but there are men alive who know about it, and I have succeeded in locating two of them.

Please accept my apologies for inflicting my ex-

periences upon you in a manner which may seem boastful or embittered or both. I mention them merely to exemplify the stereotyped Communist method of dealing with critics, and to indicate to you the chief reason why more members of the International Brigades do not speak up about the condition of so-called Loyalist Spain under Communist rule.

I am very sorry to say it is impossible to furnish documentary evidence of all the incidents, or of the connection between the Medical Bureau and the Communist Party, although the connection is well established by very strong circumstantial evidence, by the testimony of witnesses before Congressional committees, by the letters, depositions and published writings of ex-Communists and others.

I am personally acquainted with several reputable citizens of Milwaukee, ex-Communist Party members, who are prepared to testify at any time or place that the American League for Peace and Democracy, the Medical Bureau and various other Front organizations were brought into being by the Communist Party and are under its complete control.

I have in my possession numerous letters from nurses, soldiers, ambulance drivers, etc., who served in Spain. They describe more or less graphically the conditions prevalent there.

My wife knows, to her certain knowledge, that fourteen of the Medical Bureau contingent of twenty-three, with which she sailed on the *S.S. Normandie* in May, 1937, were Communist Party members, and that all the leaders of that contingent were Communist Party members. Before sailing these fourteen were taken to see Earl Browder in the *Daily Worker* building in New York City and were instructed by him as to their future conduct.

All of them were required to show their Party membership books several times before they were admitted to Mr. Browder's presence. In addition, their passport pictures were examined closely, and their other credentials checked and re-checked. Mr. Browder, at this time, instructed the members of this Medical Bureau contingent that their primary purpose in going to Spain was to help bring about the establishment of a Soviet state there.

The story of that interview has been written by my wife, and it has recently been accepted for publication. She is also prepared to testify that every hospital in which she was employed there, Villa Paz, Cueva la Potita, Denia and Vich, were under the direct and complete control of a Communist Party member, a political Commissar appointed by Moscow directly or indirectly through the Party of his particular country.

If I possessed absolute documentary evidence of the Communist control of the Medical Bureau and the other Front organizations, I would put a stop to their activities at once. I do know that the control is accepted as an absolute fact by all Communists and ex-Communists. The charge has been made frequently in print, and while it has been always vigorously denied, it is significant that no libel suit has ever been instigated. It is not difficult to understand the reason—the Medical Bureau has no de-

sire for a searching investigation which would be almost certain to reveal a great deal more than they care to make known to the gullible public.

I ask your indulgence for the unconscionable length of this letter, but I wish to put at your disposal the essential information which you requested.

POST-MORTEM NOTES ON SPAIN'S LATE WAR

BROOKE HILARY STEWART

HAD I become a Catholic this Spring instead of last Fall, I might have spared myself the awkward duty of re-investigating the Spanish War.

A sincere, not-too-fully-informed Loyalist sympathizer, I endorsed the editorial attitude of the paper I worked for, and that paper led, or echoed (depending upon where you stood) the opinions of the American press. This re-investigation led me to certain conclusions which would be as obvious to the thoughtful Catholic as they would be outdated to the busy editor. I am not planning to go into another tedious analysis of the, now happily terminated, war in Spain.

I became aware, however, in the course of the haphazard reading and talking with which I pursued Truth, of an inconsistency in the American attitude, which, I believe, ought to be pointed out before the recent conflict is buried in that uninteresting dust-heap known as Yesterday's News.

Those Americans who had a good word for Franco did not speak for the country. America was strongly pro-Loyalist and the war cries which rang from the safe side of the Atlantic made a great din if nothing else. Taken alone, the American bias during the war may have been wrong; but it was straightforward. Viewed in the light of the American *pre-war* bias, however, there is an unsavory something about it.

It has long been the fashion of our people, when they thought of Spain at all, alternately to weep over and sneer at her for being medieval and backward. These judges, not concerning themselves with the possibility that there might be a contradiction in the terms medieval and backward, needed no great search for a place to hang the guilt. There has never been anything better for this sort of thing than the Church of Rome—everyman's whipping boy, broad-backed and ready for the lash.

Before the war America shook her enlightened head and muttered that poor old Spain was certainly a mess; but what could you expect of a country whose people loaded themselves down with charms and believed all that barbaric guff handed out by the Roman Catholic Church?

As this is not a defense of Spain, nothing will be said here about the arbitrary waiving of fact necessary to make this cavalier handling of a perfectly good nation supportable.

The pleasant purpose of these words is to call attention to the fact that the drums that were beat in America, short months ago, for the high-minded, pure-souled Loyalists, and the noses that were held, short years ago, for the deplorably uncivilized Iberian state, were the drums and the noses of substantially the same people.

In the minds of many of our compatriots, the Church is a wicked and sinister thing, and any party or government so unfortunate as to come under her thumb, must take on some of the color of its oppressor. Spain is a Catholic country so it is not much of a step to the conclusion that something must be wrong with Spain, be it sin, sloth or a little of each. Franco was reported in cahoots with Rome. Need more be said?

The peculiar consistency of the fighting Dry who condemns a battleship because it is christened with champagne and supports a county administration of questionable intention because it votes in Prohibition, parallels the anti-Catholic attitude nicely. Reason amounts to more than hating the same thing come what may, and when absurdity is the upshot of consistency, the answer is that there was something wobbly about the logic that permitted so embarrassing a dénouement.

To review the American stand, popular opinion had it that the Loyalists were not defending their lands against other Spaniards, but their country against Germany and Italy. Hence, the conflict was a foreign invasion, not a civil war, through which the brave sons of Spain were fighting vigorously for their great civilization and their age-old culture.

This Article of Faith was held by press and people in our country. There is always something thrilling in the hands-across-the-sea idea and, as a country, we yelled ourselves hoarse for freedom and Spanish "Democracy."

But alas, the war-time cheers do not jibe with pre-war contempt. It is too much to believe that moss-covered Spain, the nation with the low IQ, could manifest such an overnight rejuvenation.

It is permissible to wonder out of whose hat was pulled the culture and civilization the wretched, uncivilized Spaniards thought they had to save. If the Loyalists were right it would seem that Spain must have had a fair helping of vigor and enlightenment all along. If the Loyalists were fighting to save a civilization, the civilization must have been there before the fighting started.

Can those who called Spain an unprogressive country of dim-witted peasantry believe that those ignorant, amoral, Church-bound serfs became, of a sudden, types of courage and intelligence? Probably not. I think the dilemma of the Americans can be stated as follows: To be loyal to their old anti-Catholic prejudice, they felt they had to be against Franco; and if being against Franco meant giving Spain credit for all the qualities they used to say she did not have—well, consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds.

The moral, of course, is not that the Catholics must always be right, but that the anti-Catholics are forever in danger of being wrong. They will never be sure of their footing so long as their convictions are arrived at by no more intellectual an operation than the reversal of whatever they happen to think is Catholic opinion.

A VISION ON BROADWAY

SOME months ago there appeared in AMERICA a *Comment* to the effect that the defects of the clergy are publicized and their virtues hidden. I often think that our Catholic priesthood is the finest advertisement the Church can offer to a world that knows her not.

Saint Francis had a vision once. . . .

On a blistering hot summer afternoon I was standing in the lobby of the Capitol Theatre in New York. It was so crowded that, less than five feet away, only the faces of people were visible. Most of those faces were the usual type one sees on Broadway—worldly, calculating, hard; I hated to look at them. But suddenly I saw another face—just one. The man was young, hardly more than a boy. He had marvelous shining eyes. And he was laughing. He had so much of that clean and untouched look that I (with my blindest Irish Faith, of which "liberal" friends baldly accuse me, and for which I thank God daily) said to myself: "Only a priest could look like that." I was as positive as Saint Patrick's children usually are in such affairs, so positive that I made a pilgrimage.

I wiggled out of my small place in that awful jam, slowly wedged past people, in and out, in and out, past all of their faces, past all of their sad and worldly faces. I had to see what I was sure I would see, under the startling face of the one beautiful man in all the place. Even Earl Browder or Judge Rutherford would have had to admit that there it was, that below those eyes with God in them, below that smile with God in it, below that granite chin was—of all things—a Roman collar. I never could decide whether I was prouder of the strange young Father, or of myself for having blindly discovered him. Suffice to say that for a moment I stood and smiled a little smile at him. He did not seem to notice me.

The mission spirit, seldom quiet in our hearts, was close to breaking forth that day. I wanted to prove the point of right then and there to all those people. "If you only knew Christ you would love Him, if only you knew the Church you would love her, if only you would listen to her words, your world would find its peace, if only you were Catholics your Faith-filled souls would give sight to your eyes." All this cannot be hidden from the members of the Mystical Body; we see everything so clearly. God has blessed us so that we cannot help but love Him with an awful love. And loving Him we love His Church unquestioningly. And from His Vicar in Rome to His humblest Franciscan singing to the birds, we love His priests. That is the Catholic spirit.

MARY T. McCARTHY

INTRA-LABOR FEUD

CONCLUSION of the strike throughout the automobile industry, in February, 1937, was welcomed with a general sigh of relief. The final signing of agreements between the United Automobile Workers and the companies ended a tense situation that for a time threatened to become one of the major upheavals of modern times between industry and labor. Now, after two years have barely elapsed, a crisis has again arisen that threatens to tie up the entire automobile industry.

On the surface, the present strike of the U.A.W.-C.I.O. tool and die makers has to do with wages and conditions of union labor. In reality the struggle boils down to a question of intra-labor feud.

The United Automobile Workers were first organized in 1934 under an A. F. of L. charter, but later they bolted to the C.I.O. It was as a C.I.O. union that the contracts with the companies were signed in February, 1937. Charges, however, of interfering Communist activities in the affairs of the union brought about a split in the ranks that resulted in two unions of the U.A.W., the one affiliated to the C.I.O., the other to the A. F. of L. The latter holds physical possession, now disputed in the courts, of the offices and property of the union. Which union at present is the rightful heir to the contracts signed two years ago is fundamentally the cause of the present situation. Basically, it is a question of jurisdiction.

To all appearances a test of this jurisdictional snarl is being made in the General Motors plants, with the company on the fence hardly knowing which way to turn. If the G.M.C. should attempt to settle with the U.A.W.-C.I.O., repercussions are more than likely to arise with the U.A.W.-A. F. of L. It hardly can be doubted, on the other hand, that the strike was intentionally planned in that department of the industry upon which all future operation and development depend. Lack of tools and dies can paralyze the entire industry.

As this Review has continually pointed out, labor has need to look to its leaders, for once again, as in the recent coal strike, the question is one of jurisdictional supremacy. The hardships of individual workers and their families as the result of strikes are as nothing to some of these leaders. The net result to the workers, despite the increase of wages gained, has been long periods of unemployment during which their meager savings have been wiped out.

A monster strike in the automobile industry, such as threatens at present, will be reflected throughout the entire field of the heavy industries. At a time when it is imperative that industry should be making an effort to absorb the unemployed—and there is reason to believe that employers are at present anxious to do their part—thus cutting down the number of WPA workers, lessening the tax burden, and affecting a balanced national budget, it would seem that this is not the occasion for labor to engage in an intra-union feud for the personal supremacy of labor leaders.

EDITOR

FREE SWITZERLAND

COMBATING Nazi impenetration, Switzerland has brought to trial six leaders of the "League of Faithful Confederates," an espionage organization charged with making "attempts against the international security of the Swiss Federation." An article published in AMERICA (May 13), intimated the danger of Nazi pressure on Switzerland. This story was bitterly condemned and contradicted in Switzerland. Our concern was for Switzerland and our desire was for Swiss freedom. As this vigorous little people has been always self-governing and free from foreign control, so it is now, and so it will be, despite the power of its neighbors.

WHEN ALL MEN CRY FOR

THE RED spotlight that has been glancing thither and yonder over the terrain of Europe, has been steadily shining on Danzig for the past few weeks. The Free City itself has been squirming with internal convulsions. The Big Powers have been executing the war dance about Danzig, threatening at one moment, allying threats at another, bluffing and counter-bluffing, but always indicating that they are ready for war, if war must be.

At the present moment, despite portentous signs, it does not seem that there will be war over Danzig. Nevertheless, no prophetic power is needed to foresee that Danzig will remain an accumulating cause for bitterness between the nations involved.

Almost like an oft-repeated story is our insistence on the need of a neutral and a moral and a spiritual force to pacify the nations of Europe. Neither Germany nor Poland, not England or France or Italy, not all of the European nations together at a conference table can settle their respective claims, can quiet their mutual fears, can adjust their national ambitions. They will find no final solution through military domination and secure no lasting peace through bargaining diplomacy.

Instead of following the red gleam of war that leaps from part to part of Europe, the nations should rather turn toward the white beam of peace that shines from the tiny State of Vatican City. Instead of Leaders and Prime Ministers and Premiers watching the moves of

DIES COMMITTEE

DURING the past year, this Review has favored the investigations of the Dies Committee, admitting, however, mistakes in its proceedings that were inevitable for such a body. The Dies Committee had to protect itself continually against the trickery and the influence of the Communist Popular Front and against the Administration. In the past few months, it would seem to us, a change has come into the Dies Committee and a new direction has been given to its investigations. It will, apparently, abandon its unpopular drive against Leftist subversives and direct its agents against the anti-Communists.

FOR PAPAL INTERVENTION

one another and matching words, they should listen to the paternal advice and the spiritual appeal of the Pope.

Even as one writes them, these convictions sound foolish and these suggestions to armed and belligerent statesmen seem to be the acme of nonsense. Realistically, they are such. But this is due, not to anything foolish or nonsensical in the suggestions and convictions but to the madness and the stupidity of the leaders of the nations. The Pope is right, even though his pleas are rejected. The Leaders are wrong, even though their armies are victorious.

Vatican negotiations looking toward peace, that were so misrepresented some few months back, have not been discontinued. Rather, they have been intensified through diplomatic negotiations. Pope Pius and the Secretary of State, Cardinal Maglione, have been intent on peace, during these summer months, have kept in the closest touch with their diplomatic representatives in the countries involved in the struggle for domination. Further Papal efforts in the struggle for peace are being continued. Benedict was rebuffed, to the world's loss. Pius may be successful, to the world's security.

Papal intervention with the nations of the world for the avoidance of war and the preparation of an atmosphere of peace is an act that all men must applaud. Only a few men, but those few holding the fate of millions, refuse to admit God and His Representatives into their counsels.

STRIKES IN THE WPA

TO an extent not previously experienced in its history, the present Administration finds itself in direct conflict with organized labor.

Immediate attention, in the crisis created by the present WPA strike, is focused upon the curious and anomalous question whether the workingman is justified in striking against Government relief. The WPA is not a service branch of the Government, so that the principles, which would make an attempt to strike against the services an act of disloyalty, even apart from any oath, do not here apply. It is not straight Government employment, ruled by an ordinary contractual relationship and subject to the hazards of such contracts. The Works Progress Administration is merely a method of providing relief for indigent citizens in a continuing emergency, supposedly in such a way as to preserve the recipient's morale while at the same time adding to the nation's capital investment of public works.

Obviously, as long as relief is *merely* relief, a "strike" against it is no real strike, which supposes some equality of rights, but is merely a dramatized petition against threatened reductions in the charitable benefits. This is the position held by the WPA Administrator for New York City: it is "no real strike, merely a petition."

The whole rub of the matter comes, however, from the circumstance that the WPA is by no means merely relief. So vast a system of highly organized employment reaches into every field of skilled labor. The permanence of WPA, the multiplicity and complexity of its projects, have produced an immense duplication of the nation's organized employment structure, with a consequent reaction upon organized labor itself. While the rights in the matter remain obscure, the *fact* is all too evident; and WPA wage scales are willy nilly linked with the prevailing wages paid to labor in this country.

The present conflict, therefore, is dragging out into the light a portentous alternative to which the nation is irresistibly drifting. Labor, as says William Green, is obliged to resort to its economic strength—"which means strikes and strikes"—to defend itself against this governmental competition. More alarming than that, it is obliged to rally its political strength, and shake the fist of 5,000,000 voters against the Government until its wishes are granted. Or else, in the interests of centralized efficiency, this supposed relief agency grows into a rival industrial system wholly under governmental control, which impatiently sloughs off "ninety-six sets of laws" as it establishes its 130-hour month.

When the A. F. of L. threatens to "retire" Congressmen who block its demands, labor is no longer merely asking for labor-favorable legislation. It is directly demanding higher wages from Congress itself; it has inaugurated a distinctly new chapter in American labor history.

While the immediate issue is labor, the ultimate issue is our economic system itself. The WPA

strikes may be settled and for a time things return to normal. But they warn that we are drifting to an absorption of all industry which must inevitably take place unless the issue be settled by giving labor its adequate share in the profits and management of industry.

While this process of absorption may be greatly hastened by the political advantages that gleam from it for a party in power; while its evil aspects may be greatly heightened by waste and inefficiency in its actual management, nevertheless, the question raised by the WPA strikes does not inhere solely in the nature of the WPA. It inheres in the whole scheme of things which makes the WPA continue until the problem of unemployment is otherwise solved.

WOMEN IN PROFESSIONS

WHETHER it be desirable or not, the plain fact is that a great part of the work of the Church at the present time in this country is being carried on by unmarried Catholic women making their living in the various professions.

To be convinced of that, all we need is to ask ourselves where would be our diocesan and national works of charity and Catholic Action, our institutions, offices, hospitals, agencies of every description, had we not a legion of unmarried Catholic women, many of them highly trained, working in their management.

Furthermore, the outposts of the Faith in non-Catholic, sometimes hostile surroundings, are being held by a small army of Catholic professional women. What contact with the Faith during long years of school hours would the millions of our Catholic children enjoy who attend the public schools did not some Catholic woman teacher devote herself to their behalf, at least shielding them from open error even if prohibited by circumstances from imparting any explicit religious instruction!

This condition of things has come to stay, and will be with us for many a year to come. However greatly we may like to see woman reigning in her home, as her rightful empire, a great number of women are obliged to fight shoulder to shoulder with men outside the home. With all talk of restoring woman to the home, the governments of Germany and Italy employ legions of women in offices and public agencies when certain types of work need to be done.

In view of all this, there is a greater need than ever before of establishing more and more definitely the status, the "state of life" for women who have consecrated themselves to a lifetime of service in the various professions. Increasing flexibility in the simpler religious rules is a step in that direction as is the growth of guilds with the clarification of the whole idea of feminine Catholic Action. The work of retreats for laywomen has this as one of its major tasks. Its discussion may well be recommended to the various institutes and summer schools which meet during the coming weeks to deliberate on Catholic Action.

THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT

IN an older day nearly every isolated little town had its money-lender. Since there were so many of him, he probably was a necessary evil, but while he was occasionally admired and usually envied, he was never loved. As long as the eye of the law was on him, his rate of interest just shaded usury, and when that eye was averted, the rate added to usury new horrors. People called him "shrewd," by which they meant that he knew how to pile up money, and his skill in this respect stirred the only admiration that was ever directed to him.

The Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Luke xvi, 1-9) presents a counterpart of the village money-lender; at least, keeping him in mind will help to bring the lesson of the Gospel home to us. Instead of a usurer, we have a steward who was certainly no model of honesty or of fidelity to trust. His dishonest dealings with his master's goods at last became known, or at least suspected, for a charge was laid against him, and he had reason to fear that his stewardship would be taken from him. This was a crisis, for, said the steward, "To dig I am not able, and to beg I am ashamed." After taking thought, he hit upon a plan of juggling his master's accounts, thus making his obligations appear smaller, or even abolishing them.

In pursuance of this plan, he called his master's debtors before him. One who owed a hundred barrels of oil was bidden change it to fifty. A second owed a hundred measures of wheat, and was told to reduce it to eighty. As he went down the list, he began to congratulate himself. If his master checked the accounts, he would find the fifty barrels and the eighty measures in the store-house, and would never suspect that more was due him. If, however, he should discover the fraud, then at worst the steward would have made friends of these debtors, and they doubtless would shield him from the necessity of digging or begging. The fraud was discovered, but to his astonishment, his master praised him as a shrewd, astute fellow who knew how to get out of a bad corner.

The inference is not, of course, that Our Lord held up this economic trickster as a model to His disciples. At another time He commanded to them the wisdom of the serpent, as well as the simplicity of the dove, and what He here praises is the zeal and energy which the unjust steward displayed in extricating himself from his difficulties. His very financial life was at stake, but instead of assuring himself that all was lost, he forthwith fell to work to save all that could possibly be saved of his substance.

What we sometimes fail to realize is that as long as we live our salvation is at stake. When some great clash occurs between what we wish to do and what we know God wants us to do, and the issue seems uncertain because of our weakness, it will not do to fold our hands and wait for the ruin. It is then our duty to emulate the energy and shrewdness of the steward to avert the threatening ruin, multiplying our good works and storming Heaven with our prayerful importunities.

CHRONICLE

THE ADMINISTRATION. Three of the "selfless six with a passion for anonymity" executive assistants to the President were appointed under the Reorganization Law. They are Lauchlin Currie, William H. McReynolds and James H. Rowe, the latter sponsored by Thomas Corcoran. . . . Heretofore, the National Labor Relations Board would not permit an employer to petition for an election by his employes to determine a collective bargaining agent. Under severe criticism from the A. F. of L. for alleged favoritism toward the C.I.O. and facing the threat of a Congressional investigation, the Board announced certain provisions under which it would allow an employer to petition. The provisions are restricted, chief restriction limiting the employer's right of petition to cases in which rival unions claim a majority of workers. . . . Claude A. Swanson, seventy-seven-year-old Secretary of the Navy, died after a long illness. . . . The Monetary Bill, renewing for two years the Presidential power to devalue the dollar, to operate the Stabilization Fund, and calling for resumption of the silver purchasing program, was signed by Mr. Roosevelt. . . . Paul V. McNutt, High Commissioner to the Philippines, former Governor of Indiana, and candidate for the 1940 Democratic Presidential nomination, was appointed head of the new Federal Security Agency by President Roosevelt. Third-term politics were believed to furnish the background for the surprise appointment. . . . President Roosevelt instructed Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd to commence his expedition to Antarctic regions in October with the purpose of substantiating American claims to certain areas there. Congress, after first opposing an appropriation, finally granted \$340,000 for the expedition.

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WASHINGTON. The Senate Judiciary Committee voted a tie, seven to seven, on the proposed Burke constitutional amendment limiting a President to one six-year term. The Committee voted ten to two against the proposed Wiley amendment, making the Presidential term six years and forbidding re-election for any President. . . . About 100,000 WPA workers went on strike throughout the nation in protest against the wage and hour provisions of the new Federal Relief Act. Organized labor unions united in a demand that Congress revise the Act. The new legislation requires all WPA employes to work 130 hours a month. . . . Solicitor General Robert H. Jackson, declaring legal services were now too high for many people, warned the Government might provide such services. Many lawyers are now being supported by the Government through relief, he asserted, adding: "I have grave doubts that society will continue to support idle lawyers and at the same time go without their ser-

vices." . . . Foreign groups held resources with the Federal Reserve Banks totaling \$1,460,000,000, an increase of almost \$1,000,000,000 in fourteen months.

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THE CONGRESS. Denouncing the European democracies as selfish, Senator Borah asked: ". . . how could the United States distinguish in foreign affairs between the dictators and so-called democracies?" Foreign countries think they can "affect the foreign policy of this nation and bend it to their selfish interests," the Senator declared. . . . An amendment to the Social Security Act increasing Federal contributions to the States was adopted by the Senate. Under the amendment Washington would contribute on a two-to-one basis with the States on pensions for the indigent aged up to fifteen dollars a month. . . . Senate-House conferees reached an agreement which authorizes the Tennessee Valley Authority to issue \$61,500,000 bonds for purchase of privately owned utility properties. Congress earmarked the money to be derived from the sale of the bonds. . . . 12 to 11, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee voted to postpone consideration of revisions to the Neutrality Act until "the next session of Congress." . . . Representative Sam D. McReynolds, of Tennessee, died at the age of sixty-seven. . . . The Administration's new spending-lending program, totaling \$2,660,000,000, was introduced into both House and Senate. The proposed loans to foreign countries were omitted. . . . A group of Senators, estimated at thirty-four, announced they would take every "legitimate means" to prevent modification of the arms embargo. They revealed their opposition to discretion "being lodged in the hands of any Chief Executive to determine an aggressor . . . during any war abroad."

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AT HOME. Frank J. Hogan, President of the American Bar Association, addressing the Association's annual convention, declared the Supreme Court of the United States no longer protects constitutional liberties. Recent rulings of the Court are "the most devastating destruction of constitutional limitations upon Federal power, and the most unprecedented expansion of that power over the every-day affairs of individual citizens witnessed in a century and a half," Mr. Hogan asserted. The only hope of the American people to prevent "the exercise of arbitrary power" now lies in Congress, he maintained. . . . Deportation proceedings opened in San Francisco against Harry Bridges, alien C.I.O. leader. The Australian denied he had ever been a Communist. A witness, Major Lawrence Milner, retired officer of the Oregon National Guard, testified he attended Communist meetings

with Bridges. To conceal Bridges' Communist membership, it was arranged that no Communist should speak to him in public, the witness averred, adding he had seen Bridges pay assessments to the Communist party. John L. Leech, former organizer for the Communist party, testified that Bridges was a member of the party in 1936. . . . The convention of the National Association of Broadcasters, representing 442 stations, adopted a revised code of ethics. Time for the presentation of controversial issues shall not be sold in future, except for political broadcasts, the new code ordains.

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GREAT BRITAIN. Count Dino Grandi was relieved as Italian Minister to Britain in order that he might assume the post of Minister of Justice in the cabinet at Rome. The English were sorry to see him go, but assumed that the change of post indicated a return to favor, in accordance with Fascist custom. . . . 100 British bombers carried out a long-distance, non-stop flight over French territory without a hitch. If the 1,200 mile flight had been made over Germany, it would have included Stettin, Berlin, Leipzig, Salzburg and Innsbruck. . . . Prime Minister Chamberlain made it plain for the first time that any aggression against Danzig, whether by armed invasion or by internal change, would be covered by the British guarantee to Poland and would be resisted accordingly. . . . The strength of the British Air Force has reached 4,000 planes, and during the past three months the production rate is believed to have exceeded that of Germany. . . . To strengthen Great Britain's smaller allies a bill authorizing credits to purchase war supplies was introduced. . . . Increased outlays were also planned for the purposes of the new bureau of propaganda. . . . Stirred by the welcome given him in the United States, King George is considering inviting Vice-President Garner or Secretary Hull to England, since the President, who was first invited, feared his acceptance might have unfavorable political repercussions.

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GERMANY. Reports of a British practice flight over Poland were received critically in Berlin. The flight of bombers over France was dismissed with a shrug. "Had it been 1,500 instead of 100 we would have been more impressed," said the Nazis. . . . The Reich was seen eager to sponsor a Balkan bloc, with Bulgaria and Yugoslavia as the components of a "Little Axis." . . . Nurses belonging to Religious Orders are being gradually eliminated from Vienna hospitals and replaced by "Nazi Sisters" belonging to the German Red Cross. Nevertheless, at Lainz, a number of the nuns are being retained because the surgeons insist on having their skilled services, since most of the "Nazi Sisters" are probationers. . . . Three of Germany's sixteen Protestant Theological schools were closed. The study was branded useless. "We cannot believe," officials observed, "that boys with a natural and healthy instinct see their life work as theologians instead of working for the resurrection and greatness of Germany in

jobs fit for them." . . . Of 3,000-odd students passing the State examinations, 745 chose engineering as a career, 484 decided to be officers in the army, nine elected for the stage, seven seek to be professional musicians and six interpreters.

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ITALY. Mystery was engendered by several sudden orders with respect to the Italian Tyrol. First, it was decreed that 8,000 German citizens in the province of Bolzano are to be repatriated in the next few months. Next, orders were issued for the expulsion of all aliens in the Tyrol within forty-eight hours. Finally, at a time when Italy is vigorously promoting tourism and at the height of the tourist season, it was made plain that no visitors were wanted. The oustings were believed to be an anti-spy move. The Ovra, or secret police, were in charge, and it was announced that every foreigner must get out of the Tyrol for "political and military" reasons. . . . Italy is making much of the visit to General Franco of Foreign Minister Ciano, but no direct mention has been made of a prospective military alliance with Spain.

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CHINA-JAPAN. On the second anniversary of the war, Chiang Kai-shek told the Chinese people that victory would probably come to them within a year. In the second year of the war, he said, the Japanese were able to advance only 250 miles, compared with 1,130 miles in the first year. Two years of fighting had cost Japan one million casualties, he declared. . . . Hatred of Britain on the part of Tokyo was stressed in a statement by the Army Information Bureau. The long manifesto voiced the contention that Great Britain was primarily responsible for China's continued resistance. . . . Tokyo claimed a rout of Mongol-Soviet forces in a battle along the Kholsten River.

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FOOTNOTES. The Sacred Penitentiaria ruled that henceforth all Catholics, kneeling before their radios, would receive the plenary indulgence at the Pontifical blessing *urbi et orbi* that is accorded those physically present. The Pope was quoted as "desirous that the scientific progress of our time may be used to improve and preserve the health of souls." . . . 993 Spanish Republican refugees landed at Vera Cruz from a French steamer. Dr. Juan Negrin appealed to France to pay the transportation of thousands more. . . . The Irish Army has joined the list of munitions purchasers from the United States. An order for \$10,000,000 worth of machine-guns, anti-aircraft guns, searchlights and other items was placed by an Irish army mission. . . . Argentina will open a Nazi probe challenging subversive action of foreign groups. . . . Sazuko Muira, a Japanese, is the first foreigner to be punished by the new law for the expulsion of foreign undesirables from Brazil. . . . Professor Julian Besteiro, who was convicted by a Spanish tribunal of "helping to prolong the Spanish civil war," was sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment.

CORRESPONDENCE

PURGEE

EDITOR: You may recall me as a former member of Congress and Chairman of the Rules Committee.

I read with a great deal of interest your editorial, *Twelve Years, Too Much* (June 24).

Thoroughly do I agree with you. But no time should be lost in going to work to stop the menace of a third term and its dictatorial consequences. A third term may well mean a fourth and fifth term, etc.

A tremendous amount of lethargy permeates everywhere, however. Leading Democrats, business men, etc., have adopted an attitude of "What's the use? You can't stop it—with all those billions to spend and buy votes."

This attitude will be fatal, because it plays directly into the hands of the radical crowd now in control in Washington. They boast of their 21,000,000 supporters dependent on relief and WPA. To this formidable army they have added certain racial groups by means of playing politics with misery.

The latest plan is to garner the last remaining group, the Catholics, by nominating one of that group for Vice President. This is intended to close the bag airtight. Then a WPA convention will be held, and it may well be too late to stop the consequences.

Every effort should be made, and at once, to see that delegates are selected early next year who are opposed to a third term and the continuance of the present radical program.

New York, N. Y.

JOHN O'CONNOR

BAD TASTE

EDITOR: A letter in *AMERICA* (July 8) signed C. B. states that Catholics interested in social and economic matters would find from the proceedings of the National Catholic Social Action Congress that "Catholic thought is liberal, forward and at variance with the accepted views of most of our leading weekly newspapers and publications dedicated to the Catholic cause." I would like to ask: Since when has such a Congress taken over the prerogatives of the Hierarchy of America? On what grounds can the gentleman assume that this Congress is more representative of Catholic thought than the Catholic weeklies, many of which are the official or the semi-official mouthpieces of their respective dioceses?

I understand that the Congress had a distinct New Deal flavor. Many of my priest friends in Cleveland remarked that it left a bad taste in their mouths. "There was little or no advocacy of the policies and beliefs of many of our Catholic Bourbons and Tories." Indeed! And just what is a Cath-

olic Bourbon or Tory? Perhaps the so-called Bourbons were not invited to express an opinion.

C. B. quotes one Catholic bishop. A bishop is infallible, I am told, when he meets together with the other bishops of the Church in a solemn conclave, presided over by the Pope, to define matters of Faith and morals.

Pius XI, of holy memory, did not hesitate to point out the dangers and the evils of Communism, even as he advocated with all his influence the reconstruction of the social order. He warned us very specifically to do the same.

The power that the Communists wielded through the press in molding public opinion on the Spanish War should be enough to put any Catholic on guard, even though he has not the time nor the inclination to study similar tactics that are being used on a hundred fake fronts. By all means let us fight for social justice, but let us not be deluded into playing into the hands of the Stalinists by refusing to recognize the menace of their propaganda.

A present-day liberal has been defined as a man with both feet planted firmly in mid-air. I prefer to stand by our Catholic editors, who still keep at least one foot on the Rock of Peter.

New York, N. Y.

WILL COLLINS

AMERICANIZATION

EDITOR: A Catholic student from Puerto Rico is writing to you. First of all, excuse me if there is some mistake in my English. Consider the fact that I am a Spanish-speaking person.

I am a reader of *AMERICA*. We receive it at the *Centro de Universitarios Católicos* of the University of Puerto Rico. I am well impressed with the reading of Catholic literature. No matter where Catholic literature is written it has a common seal.

In the issue of June 19 I read in the section of *Comment* something that interested me. It is where it says that some cultured foreigners consider the United States a menace to civilization. It is because they know your nation through immoral magazines and pictures.

In Puerto Rico also the same thing occurs. Our magazine stores are full of American immoral literature. The same thing occurs in the moving pictures. The result has been that a one-hundred-per-cent Catholic country Puerto Rico was when the Americans arrived in 1898 has been greatly demoralized and perverted.

Many Puerto Ricans welcome the new state of things. They say this is liberty, American liberty. We, the Catholics, resent this, of course. The net result of all this has been that many cultured Puerto Ricans have come to think the same as the foreigners you mention in *AMERICA*.

Rio Piedras, P. R. ALFONSO LUIS GARCIA

LITERATURE AND ARTS

SECOND THOUGHTS ON A FIRST VISIT TO OXFORD

EMMET LAVERY

WHEN a man writes a play, he usually begins by looking over the scene of his story in some detail and he then proceeds to photograph or visualize it, according to the best of his ability and the demands of the particular assignment.

For reasons beyond my control, I was obliged to reverse the usual procedure in the case of Cardinal Newman. I wrote the play first and then had the temerity to visit Oxford afterward.

I don't know how Oxford feels about it. I didn't have the courage to ask anyone. But for myself I can humbly say that Oxford, first and last, was just as Newman said it was.

All I had known about Oxford was what I had read in Newman. So perhaps I was somewhat in the position of the boy whose knowledge of Greece was confined to his reading in Chapman's Homer.

We arrived at Oxford in Eight Week and we did the usual things. We walked through Christ Church meadows. We stood on the bridge at Magdalen and we watched the daily "bumps" on the River. We visited Newman's old rooms in Oriel—now occupied by a Catholic Fellow, Mr. Pantin—and observed with interest the door which connected Newman's quarters with the little gallery in the chapel. We stood in the gardens of Trinity and tried to imagine what it was like when a breathless boy of twenty-one came running out the gate . . . what short cut he may have taken as he headed for Oriel and the Fellows waiting to greet him upon his election . . . what the High looked like when there were no bicycles and no automobiles to dodge . . . and whether then as now the boys were bowling on green lawns lined with yellow tulips.

It was like a dream to which a good reporter had done justice. But it was when we stood in St. Mary's, the church which today seems to be just as much Newman's as it is the University's, that the sheer loveliness of the dream enchanted us.

There is in St. Mary's a singular grace. It is as if the very Tudor Gothic wood and stone had absorbed and retained something of the Spirit which once had radiated from its Catholic altar. To stand within the Choir of St. Mary's is to feel the very presence of Grace in wood and stone. It is serene

without being lofty, intimate without being familiar, simple without being plain. It is, in brief, the essence of Newman.

No special memorial marks Newman's rectorship, but his name appears in its proper place on a little tablet which lists the shepherds of St. Mary's. And up near the front of the church, a plain plaque indicates that certain figures of the Saints had been restored by the Anglo-Catholic Congress in memory of Keble, Pusey and "John Henry Newman, one time Vicar of this Church."

There is no trace of self-consciousness about St. Mary's. Catholic and Protestant have loved her and been loved in return. We came back again and again. We sat in pews near Newman's old pulpit and—like Thornton Wilder on one of his visits—tried to imagine what it was like when Fellows were missing their dinner on Sunday evenings in order to hear Newman speak. And then we began to wonder: what *would* it be like if Newman returned? Or, if by a strange quirk of that unfathomable thing which we call time, Newman had been born in 1901 instead of 1801?

Reconstruct Newman for a moment in terms of 1945 instead of 1845, in terms of 1963 instead of 1863, in terms of 1979 instead of 1879!

First, his awareness of God would surely be an illuminating and electrifying example to the entire world. Yet his insistence that he had never had a vision would be reassuring to those of us who are still a little self-conscious about the supernatural. His appeal to reason, of course, would give him first rank among the philosophers and his devotion to Saint Thomas Aquinas would make him the theologian of the hour.

The primacy of conscience would naturally be the rallying cry of a new crusade against Communism, Nazism and Fascism. His strong belief in the individuality of human nature, in the individual integrity of each immortal soul, would be a revolutionizing influence in the world at large. And it is quite probable that in the Church itself his insistence on the proper place for the laity would expedite the development of Catholic Action in its true canonical sense.

The *Idea of a University* would lead modern education out of the wilderness into which it has strayed and the *Grammar of Assent* would win him new respect among psychologists. Above all, his gift for human companionships and his genuine love for his fellow man would personalize his work to such an extent that he would be irresistible.

What! you will ask, are the personalities of men like Hitler, or Mussolini, or Stalin to be eclipsed by the gentle hermit from Birmingham? And the answer is yes, except that the word "dynamic" should be substituted for "gentle" and the word "thinker" for hermit. For this is the story of *Prometheus Unbound*, the story of a Newman given free play in the modern world with all the vigor and sweep which he had when he left Oxford in 1845, which he had in fact all the years of his active priestly life.

But, you may say perhaps with Manning, did not Newman live aloof from the crowd? Yes, he did—and so did Napoleon at Elba. Yet no one thinks of Napoleon as a hermit!

Suppose we leave St. Mary's and go back to Trinity for a moment. Let us pause at the High Table where Newman sat in 1878 on the occasion of the unique ceremony when Trinity called him back and made him its first Honorary Fellow. What kind of man was it whose memory was cherished so graciously at Oxford?

To understand the full import of this scene, we should consider for a moment a fantastic American parallel. Let us imagine for instance that a great churchman like Monsignor Fulton Sheen should suddenly decide to leave the Catholic Church, that for some thirty-three years he goes his own way, that after writing a great piece of apologetics he becomes the literary idol of the hour, that he is invited back to Catholic University, receives a degree from one of the houses there and is invited to dinner with Monsignor Corrigan!

You will say, of course, that reason staggers, that such things cannot be. And you will be right. Yet things like these did happen in an England where the word Papist still stirred painful memories. It happened in Oxford, where ardent Episcopilians forgave Newman in his lifetime his desertion of the Church of England—surely in their eyes as grave an offense as to desert the Crown itself—and assured him that in their hearts they loved him still.

How well this Newman would grace the World of Tomorrow! It may be argued, perhaps, that some thinkers work best in retirement, even in involuntary retirement, but the truth is that Newman's great work in Oxford was achieved as a free spirit. Today it seems to go without question that there would be few if any Mannings to suspect or oppose Newman. He would find an extraordinarily receptive public within and without the Church. Consider then the effect of a dynamic, unchained Newman released on the World of Tomorrow!

Ah, you will say, this is vain and wishful thinking. And the *beau idéal* of the Church has been quietly sleeping in his grave at Rednal nearly fifty years. But that is only a half truth. Newman, the

real Newman, is still with us and reshaping our thinking every day.

We realized this when we spoke with Father Henry Tristram, the Oratorian in charge of the Newman records, without whose help the play on Newman could never have been carried through. Father Tristram reports that from all over the world comes to him at Caversham Park a steady line of requests for assistance on theses, books, poems, essays, all dealing with some aspect of Newman.

"Yes, we consider our Cardinal very much alive," Father Tristram assured us, and later, when we visited the Oratory at Birmingham, we realized how true this is. Newman's rooms are just as he left them. The pictures of his mother and his sisters still adorn the walls of the little cubicle where he said Mass as a Cardinal. Gladstone's lamp, which he seldom if ever lit, stands at his desk and there are even fresh pens at hand.

We spoke with Father Hugh Pope, who knew Newman well and who pointed out in a recent issue of the *Tablet* that the boys at the Oratory School in his day only began to realize the extent of the Father's fame when an American arrived at Birmingham and wanted to know where would be the best place to stand in order to get a glimpse of John H. Newman. We spoke, too, with Lord Rankeillour, uncle of the present Duke of Norfolk, who was probably one of the last persons to speak with the great Cardinal. Everywhere the feeling was the same: you felt the continuance of a great spirit, a kindly spirit, an eternal spirit.

Even in Paris you can catch that feeling today, for the Abbé Maurice Nédoncelle is bringing out a special new French edition of the *Apologia*. So it goes and will always go. When heart speaks to heart, there is no such thing as time.

As these notes are hastily jotted down, a letter arrives from Abbé Nédoncelle with some comments about *Second Spring*, the play on Cardinal Newman. It has pleased him considerably, but he has a question about the very last scene of Act One in which Father Dominic, on receiving Newman, mentions that the great Renan had left St. Sulpice a few days before. How, the Abbé inquires, did Father Dominic know that Renan at age twenty-two in 1845 was the great Renan?

I am afraid that we shall simply have to attribute to the Passionist Father the omniscience which it is so easy for a playwright to assemble long after the fact.

PAGE MR. GROOTE!

THERE is a letter in the AMERICA office addressed to "Mr. Gerard Groote," congratulating him on his book, *The Imitation of Christ*, and offering him, in the name of a Clipping Service Bureau, a splendid chance to keep tabs on what the reviewers are going to say about his latest opus. "We are depending on your decision to become one of a notable list of clients." Mr. Groote, dead since Columbus discovered AMERICA, has not yet called for his morning's mail.

L. F.

REVEILLE

(For the Carmelites)

Now see them stand at strict liturgical attention,
The athletes who teach the body how to pray,—
Who think no work but worship worth the mention,
Determined that there is no other way

Save through the solitudes to reach salvation,
And the secret singularities of the soul:—
Each measuring her strength in meditation
Before the plunge through darkness to the goal.

There will be time enough for lights and lilies
When veils are shed and lids lie on the eyes;
Now at a soundless hour when sleep the sillies,
Pull the bell-rope again and wake the wise.

LEONARD FEENEY

For love is but a cruel
Claw, an unriddled anger,
Save is divined the dual
Meaning of that rich hunger—
The glimpse of God made stronger.

Not on itself a turning
But, as in you I found it,
Calm stars beyond the burning
Of flames on earth-soil grounded,
By skies' depth all unbounded.

THEODORE MAYNARD

THE LOST GARDEN

I dreamed of a lost garden
Where all the flowers were fair
And the Five Wounds of Jesus Christ
Bloomed marvellously there.

Across the water-meadows
The children come to play
To the gate of the lost garden
Where no man knows the way.

I saw the weeping willows
All silver in the sun,
From Wilton down to Salisbury
The brimming rivers run.

The branch of the green willow
Was bowed upon my head,
But I knew well that Jesus Christ
Was risen from the dead.

Although my heart was holden
Although my lips were sealed
The lawns of that lost garden
Were shining in the field.

The April winds were blowing,
In glory did they pass,
And the Five Wounds of Jesus Christ
Were burning in the grass.

ELIZABETH BELLOC

THE LIGHT IS YOUR APPAREL

The Light is your apparel,
And Peace your gift and merit,
Since you resolved the quarrel
Between the flesh and spirit
The women-born inherit.

PRO ARIS ET FOCIS

(From the French of Charles Péguy)

Happy they who die for their cities of clay:
For of these are built the city of God.
Happy they who die for the hearthfire's play,
The grace of thresholds their forefathers trod.

For in these in image and outline we see
The house of God beginning to be.
Happy they who die upon righteous alarms;
Happy the ripe ears, the corn in the bin;
Happy the great victors: peace to men of arms!

When these are laid in the balance of doom,
May the Judge in his mercy sprinkle therein
What they loved so well, a few ounces of loam.

May He not weigh them as an angel is weighed;
May He right the beam with a parcel of mold,
Whereof they are sprung and where they are laid.

How should they, Lord, if the truth be told,
Not savor the clay of which they are made?

EDGAR R. SMMOTHERS

OUR LADY OF THE WEATHER

Snow-Maiden, Rainbow Virgin, Sun-gowned Queen—
So might I hail you were the skies serene
My every morning. Yet on days of storm
I need you near as on the sunniest day;
And how in winter find your flowery form,
If you were only Our Lady of the May?
How through the sultry months companioned go,
Were you alone Our Lady of the Snow?

Our Lady of the Weather, through my soul
Four winds revolving blow, four seasons roll
The weather of my own inconstancy.
I am not marble, Mother!

"Nor yet dust!
But rather is my son a growing tree,
Filius accrescens, that with every gust
Will bend resilient and return to me."

ALFRED BARRETT

CHAMBERLAIN FIGHTS AGAINST WAR

IN SEARCH OF PEACE. By the Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50

IN the first speech that Mr. Chamberlain made after he became Prime Minister, at the end of May, 1937, he summed up the aims of the British Government under four heads. The first was to maintain peace; the second, to make Britain so strong that she would be treated everywhere with respect; the third was to promote the prosperity of industry, and thus to provide employment; and the fourth was to work steadily for the improvement of the conditions of the people. Those still remain the aims of the Government even though, as Mr. Chamberlain admits, Government policy has had to be adapted from time to time to existing conditions. The efforts and adaptation that were made during the past two years to achieve these objectives are clearly revealed in thirty of Mr. Chamberlain's speeches collected in this book. Arthur Bryant is responsible for a brief explanatory note preceding each address. There is no index.

The reader will make his own evaluation of Mr. Chamberlain's leadership. This reviewer believes that it has been faulty on two counts. Mr. Chamberlain should not have refused to discuss the ending of partition in Eire, and he should not have solicited Soviet membership in the Anglo-French anti-aggression front. His efforts have been ridiculed by some and denounced by others; but by the vast majority of people on both sides of the Atlantic, with the exceptions noted, they have been approved. If peace has not yet been securely established, we have at any rate so far escaped the calamity of another world conflict.

The turning point in European affairs, during Mr. Chamberlain's incumbency in office, was the German annexation of Czecho-Slovakia. Prior to that crucial event, Britain signed two agreements with Eire. In the same month of April, 1938, the Anglo-Italian agreement healed a long-standing breach between those two countries. In September came the Munich Agreement, followed by the Anglo-German declaration. In due course that led to the complementary Franco-German declaration. Finally, mention should be made of the Anglo-American Trade Agreement. In something less than twelve months, Mr. Chamberlain, earnestly trying to eradicate the possible causes of war, carried through five important international treaties.

The optimism inspired by this notable achievement was dashed to the ground when German forces began a military occupation of Czecho-Slovakia and thus brought to an end, not only the short-lived independence of the Czechs, but the Munich Agreement to which Hitler had been a party. This event raised the question whether Hitler was not seeking by successive steps to dominate Europe. It completely destroyed confidence and forced Britain to depart from her traditional foreign and domestic policies. Mr. Chamberlain sought to safeguard peace by guaranteeing the independence of those States which might otherwise be the subject of attack. This guarantee, in which France participated, was extended to and accepted by Poland, Rumania, Greece and Turkey. To complete the picture, on April 26 Mr. Chamberlain announced a system of compulsory military training.

The Prime Minister will not abandon his efforts for peace. He has pledged himself to examine the grievances, difficulties or desires of Germany in a spirit of understanding and good will. But if Germany should attempt to dominate other nations by force, Britain will fight.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR

MATERIALS FOR STUDY OF POST-WAR EUROPE

DOCUMENTS AND READINGS IN THE HISTORY OF EUROPE SINCE 1918. By Walter Consuelo Langsam with the assistance of James Michael Eagan. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.75

OFFICIAL documents are the stuff of history. So also are the writings of men who were close to events, persons and movements of the past. However one-sided, subjective or even dishonest a written record may be, it remains an objective image of what somebody thought or wanted others to think. But the most complete collection of historical sources carries with it no dispensation from the duty incumbent upon every intelligent reader of exercising his own critical judgment.

Send an average student to the newspaper files of the past two decades, to the bound volumes of *Current History*, or to the less flashy and more reliable periodical literature, and note his despairing efforts to dig out the truth. The nearer to the fountain head, the more muddled the waters often seem to be. But the experience is invaluable, and all but necessary. It is the best cure for the comfortable delusion that the men who write our standard texts are infallible. It is a warning, too, for the likely victim of the daily press or the current best seller.

But generalities aside, we hazard the opinion that this Langsam-Eagan collection of 245 close-up views of people and things is a safe investment for any librarian, college instructor or amateur historian. Not everything will be found in this single volume, obviously. But there is less chaff and more good grain for the freshman in search of elementary facts, and for the forgetful veteran as well, than will be found in the already outmoded monographs of a year ago. The documents can be used merely for occasional reference. But there are whole sections that invite continuous reflective reading. They will open up new vistas, correct faulty impressions and confirm more critical views.

The compiler is faced with the problem of selection. This may appear to be a quite simple task. But the finding and filtering of sources, however ready to hand, constitutes a large fraction of the historian's productive work. And it is exposed to all the dangers of personal bias or limited and defective vision. Dr. Langsam and his assistant could not have turned out a flawless job. They had to choose from an immense heap, where others equally competent might have chosen differently. For example, a single mention of *Mein Kampf* looks oddly lonesome to readers of this great bad book. And there may be some excuse for slighting little Portugal, but the wholesome sanity of Salazar among the mad men of Europe would help to calm our fears. Objectivity and fairness demanded that slimy creatures of the Litvinov-Negrin-de los Rios type should be heard. After all, "a common, ordinary liar" may bulk large in the modern whirl and confusion. And the discriminating reader should be able to defend himself.

The Foreword tells us that we have here "treaties, pacts, conventions, constitutions, laws, court decisions, manifestoes, proclamations, party programs, authoritative narrative descriptions, speeches, examples of propaganda, and other items thought to be of interest and value in any serious study of the major developments in post-World War Europe." A hundred years from now much of this will have shrunken in value and interest. Within the lifetime of the compilers it will be possible to make a better collection. At the moment we know of nothing quite so good in this line.

R. CORRIGAN

FROM THEIR WISDOM, A CURE FOR PRESENT ILLS

JESUIT THINKERS OF THE RENAISSANCE. Edited by Gerard Smith, S.J., Ph.D. Marquette University Press.

I HAVE before me for review this grand and tremendously important piece of Jesuit philosophical learning. It is a volume infinitely more pertinent to the contemporary weal of man than the heavy tomes being issued by our collegiate Catholics on "social significance" or belles-lettres. Yet I am given so few printed lines in which to tell the breathless things there are to say about this volume that I cannot possibly do it justice.

Lest I wax too rhapsodic, let me begin by saying that the printing and binding is abominable; worse: the bad printing and binding is attributable not to necessary economy but to plain apathy.

The book consists of a series of essays on those most neglected of the Church's jewels of holiness and learning, the *Jesuit Thinkers of the Renaissance*: these very saints and scholars who, of latter years, have been so unjustly shoved aside for the sake of others. Their very names to some of us (I use Charles Lamb's fine phrase) "bring a perfume in the mention"—Suarez, Bellarmine and Lessius; Bouhours, Molina, Mariana.

The authors of the essays are those golden Jesuit-taught lads whom God has sent into the midst of our American Catholicity to bring us back from chasing the false gods of social significance and proletarian rights to the bedrock of philosophical theology. For, from a right and God-sprung philosophy producing a right ethic—from this only—can come the cure we need.

The names of the authors of these essays are: Gerard Smith, S.J., Ph.D., Clare C. Riedl, A.M., Victor M. Hamm, Ph.D., Anton C. Pegis, Ph.D., Cecil H. Chamberlain, S.J., A.M., G. Kasten Tallmadge, A.M., M.D., Ph.D., John O. Riedl, Ph.D.

I must not finish this review without mentioning the fact that the bibliographies at the end of the book are a gold mine for the seeker after Jesuit learning.

DAVID GORDON

BEYOND THE ALTAR RAIL. By Thomas H. Moore, S.J. Fordham University Press. \$1.25

FATHER Moore's purpose in writing this beautifully printed little book is to "reach the meaning beneath the symbolism of the Mass" and to increase thereby love and appreciation of the Holy Sacrifice among the laity. Those who kneel beyond the altar rail are not spectators, says Father Moore, nor is the Mass the exclusive possession of the ordained; for it is the *whole* Church which offers sacrifice. He begins with interesting chapters on sacrifice as a religious rite and its suitability to man's nature; and then goes on to show Christ in His rôle of Perfect Sacrifice for the sins of the world, and continuing, explains the various parts of the Mass.

The significant place of Holy Communion in the Mass is carefully indicated, and the book ends stressing the suggestion that the laity can splendidly cooperate with the priesthood by translating their daily thanksgiving for the sacrificial meal of the Mass into Catholic Action and enabling Christ to live His life in the world through them, a world which too often in this age of propaganda fights shy of the clergy. Father Moore has evidently pondered his subject prayerfully as well as academically.

PAULA KURTH

THE BRANDONS. By Angela Thirkell. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. \$2.50

HERE is another humorous and entertaining novel by a lady of literary blood, styled the feminine Wodehouse. The Brandons are a widow and her son and daughter. They are upper class English people who lead gentle, full lives with an annoying abandon. They have plenty of money and a store of charm. The heroine is Mrs. Brandon, the widow, who, in speech and conduct, goes

her attractive, loveable, malapropos way through all vicissitudes. But her secret thoughts are clear and true, and guard her unto a girlish peace and beauty.

There are many touching situations portrayed with deftness and insight which manifestly indicate that Angela Thirkell could do a more solid and serious novel with food and drink in it. In fact, it seemed that she went out of her way to avoid the responsibility of a serious novel. One suspects that she does not live the way she writes, and that her ceaseless laughter, satire, almost burlesque, are a wry escape from what is very deep and sad in her. Because the gaiety does not spring from a doctrine of joy incorporated into her very being, the writer's laughter and story disperse themselves, do not rise, and dwindle off to a boring close. There are, also, in the novel three instances of glaring, almost unbelievable, bad taste.

THOMAS BUTLER

LET DONS DELIGHT. By Ronald Knox. Sheed and Ward. \$3

IN this dream, which is not a dream, Monsignor Knox resets the stage seven times in the Common-room of Simon Magus College at—we all know it is—Oxford University, and presents various groups of Dons in discussion, all the way from 1588 when the Spanish Armada was threatening "to bring the Mass back to England," down to 1938 when a bleak-minded young Don of the latest Oxford vintage wearily refers to Almighty God as "the late-Victorian Absolute."

But not only does the setting and the personnel change for the various *tête-à-têtes* that have occurred among the professors in three and one-half centuries of Oxford's history, but the author is able to reproduce the exact tone, idiom and nuance that characterized the different styles of conversation in each succeeding era. No one in the world could have written this book but Ronald Knox. Its build-up, out of his hands, would have fallen flat in twenty pages. But under the guidance of his genius the story grows stronger and stronger as each succeeding dialog is presented. And at the end we find, almost unknown to ourselves, that we have been treated to as profound an interpretation of the religious, political, philosophical and academic decline in English University life from the sixteenth century to this as it is possible to find anywhere in an equal number of pages.

Father Knox's learning is astounding. Yet he refuses to air it except in an easy, offhand manner. The book is dedicated: "To Daphne, all this waste of time." Read it, and see if you feel you have wasted a single minute.

LEONARD FEENEY

PASSPORT FOR A GIRL. By Mary Borden. Harper and Bros. \$2.50

AS background this story has the political and social life of the family of an official in the Foreign Office at London during the recent panic when Hitler was taking over Austria and preparing to break up Czechoslovakia. The eldest daughter, always neurotic, had become fanatically enthusiastic for social justice and gone to live among the poor in Austria. There she had fallen in love with a young man who is Jewish on his mother's side and whose occupation before the German invasion had been the rallying of the people of Vienna to support the Government. They succeed in escaping to England, but the sufferings of his family in Vienna serves as a sample of the inhuman treatment meted out to the Jews. Most of the story centers around the London home where the girl's prospective marriage to a Jew stirs opposition and where distinguished members of the ruling class display their nervous apprehension over Hitler's aggressive policy and the government's plans for appeasement. The quick, chattering style deepens the impression of panic in London and terror in Austria. The young people, caught in this whirlpool, are swept rapidly from one adventure to another until with the help of a roving American newspaper reporter they find a haven in a quiet town "on the border of Indiana and Kentucky."

WILLIAM A. DOWD

ART

THEATRE

IT is now a good many months since I wrote in this column on the subject of the Federal Arts Projects. I was dubious of the value of these projects as they were set up under WPA. It is not my place here to discuss the theatre projects, and I deliberately excluded them when I last wrote on the subject. Perhaps I will be pardoned if I say this much concerning them; their achievements in bringing the theatre to out-of-town audiences, I believe, has more than justified their efforts, although I suppose that a case can be made for the thesis that such an enterprise could better be continued as a permanent state theatre than as a branch of relief. Here, at least, is a social value.

The recent relief bill passed by Congress eliminates the theatre project, but retains the arts projects subject to certain requirements for local financial support. Perhaps I shall be accused of being too much "agin the Government" if once again I object. It seems to me that Congress would have done better to retain the Federal Theatre Project, perhaps tightening it up to free it of any suspicion of political propaganda and to eliminate from its rolls persons who charity dictates should not be encouraged to believe that they have professional capacity. But, by the same token, it seems to me that the other Arts Projects might well have been discontinued entirely. One or two of them, which have proved genuinely useful, could better be considered as historical in nature. I am thinking particularly of the indices of folk art and of the architectural-historical projects which have done us an invaluable service in preserving the monuments of our past. Some of the writers' projects also have performed utilitarian services. I am thinking particularly of the guide books. These might also be saved. But such parts of these projects as are more purely creative could well be foregone.

There is something almost beyond comprehension in the idea of subsidizing several thousand men and women to make easel paintings. It is something like subsidizing a regiment of people to "loaf and invite their souls." For most easel painting is exactly that.

If an artist has sufficient talent to earn a living by selling the products of his self-expression, certainly no one can object. But I confess I cannot see how there is any social utility in the performance except insofar as he does earn his living or gives others pleasure. These are the essential conditions for healthy work in any form of art which is principally self-expressive. The very idea that contemporary easel painters, or even most mural painters, are craftsmen, who must be tided over bad times not only for their own sakes but also that the social value of their talent shall not be lost through lack of use, is almost preposterous in its lack of understanding. In the long run it would have been far more realistic and charitable to let these people discover for themselves whether or not their talents are worth preserving. If they are forced by economic conditions to go on relief, let them have work relief at some simple and more measurable occupation. Theoretically, the relief they would receive would be just as great; and in their free time no one could possibly object if they saw fit to continue their artistic efforts.

Lovers of fine silver work will be glad to hear that Tommy Parzinger has opened a gallery on Fifty-seventh Street where specimens of his work are being shown throughout the summer months. Those who are thinking of chalices for next year's seminarians might well remember this, although I quite frankly have no idea how much Parzinger might charge to do work of this kind. Craftsmen, however, are usually quite comparable to commercial firms in their charges for sterling silver; in silver plate ware or in partially silver ware they cannot, of course, compete.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE

GAXTON AND MOORE. The most popular of the winter revues are justifying the faith of their producers during these hot summer months. Of them all, the best, to this observer, is Vinton Freedley's production of the musical comedy, *Leave It to Me*, at the Imperial Theatre, with Victor Moore and William Gaxton untiringly amusing in the leading roles they have played so brilliantly ever since the opening. They are now having their first rest in ten months, for Mr. Freedley is giving his players four weeks to cool off before putting them and *Leave It to Me* on again early in August.

Leave It to Me has a real plot—an unusual possession for any musical comedy—and that plot has a sardonic humor that lends itself nicely to the atmosphere and temperature of these present days. One serious blemish, however, must be pointed out—the presence of two very vulgar songs—"Gentlemen Don't Like Love" and "My Heart Belongs to Daddy." Both these songs, alas, are sung by women—Sophie Tucker and Mildred Fenton—and their effect is that of two decaying apples in a basket of otherwise wholesome fruit.

I cannot explain why no producer seems able to put on a revue or musical comedy without dropping a little decay into it. Some revues, indeed, are almost wholly decay. But the story of *Leave It to Me* is so clean and amusing, and the entire work of Victor Moore is so wholesomely antiseptic, that one is especially pained to find decay elsewhere.

The plot can be told briefly. Alonzo Goodhue (Moore), a rich western business man, is sent to Russia as American Ambassador. He goes with extreme reluctance. He is a simple and modest citizen, whose father made the family money and who himself has little ability or ambition. All he asks is to be happy in his own country with his wife and his five daughters. His wife (Sophie Tucker) has social ambitions, however, and forces him to take the job.

Arrived in Russia he is wretched. His one desire is to get back home. He meets the young American correspondent of a Chicago newspaper (Gaxton), who assures him that the quickest way to be sent home is to make a big mistake and be discredited. The correspondent promises to select the mistake and see that the Ambassador makes it. Again and again he leads his countryman to the supposed slaughter of his reputation; but every act of the Ambassador makes him increasingly popular in Russia. His first act, for example, is to kick the Nazi Ambassador who has insulted America and her representative. The whole world applauds that action.

Goodhue, who is a crack pistol shot, next decides to shoot the tip off an ear of a Russian subject. Instead his bullet kills a would-be assassin and saves the life of a high Soviet official. America's Ambassador thereupon becomes the idol of Russia. He is dined and wined, acclaimed and entertained. At last he gives up all hope of getting home. He reverts to his natural kindness and love of humanity and makes a simple speech urging all men to be brothers and abjure war. That settles him. He is sent home at once, as a fool!

The finish of the comedy is equally satiric. Because of his activities in behalf of the Ambassador, the newspaper correspondent loses his job. The Ambassador has been buying and reading the correspondent's American newspaper at a total expense of fifty cents a week. He is advised to save money by buying the newspaper. He does this and makes the correspondent his editor.

The two acts and fourteen scenes of this gay nonsense are illuminated throughout by the perfect acting of Moore and Gaxton, and by much good singing and dancing of an extremely capable cast. But again I must lament those two bad spots in an offering which otherwise deserves all its success.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

ON BORROWED TIME. Even death comes in for some modern rationalizing in this excellently contrived film and it is faced with an easiness based more on therapeutic than theological grounds. The subject is seriously considered only as a release from present pain and the slight intimations of immortality go no farther than that. The movie problem involved, of course, was to avoid morbidity and this is managed by personifying death. This, then, is fantasy rather than tragedy. The unreal element is involved in the appearance of death as a Mr. Brink who robs a young boy of his parents and threatens to leave him to the mercies of a greedy aunt by spiriting away his aged and understanding grandfather. But the indomitable Gramps trees Brink and thereby suspends his shadowy power until the boy, hurt in climbing the tree, must be released from suffering by death. Director Harold Bucquet has avoided any suggestion of terror and even makes fairly light entertainment of a script that skirts the graveyard school of writing. Lionel Barrymore is effective in his highly mannered fashion and is surrounded by richly human performances from Bobs Watson and Beulah Bondi. Cedric Hardwicke is a splendidly sinister Brink. This is an unusual and very satisfactory *fairy tale for adults*. (MGM)

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK. Alexander Dumas' brand of swashbuckling romance parading in historical trappings is capital screen material, for there everything but the thrilling melodrama is sifted out. This is a lavish production and is performed with enough dash and vigor to motivate the intrigue-ridden plot. Louis XIV provides a villain for the occasion, shutting his twin brother up in the Bastille to secure his reign. The unlucky brother, however, finds support among the musketeers and is liberated from his iron mask in time to assume Louis' throne along with his intended bride, Maria Teresa. James Whale has followed the cloak-and-sword tradition of action above all else, but Louis Hayward's dual impersonation is worthy of a more serious vehicle. Joan Bennett, Warren William, Alan Hale, Joseph Schildkraut and others look and act handsomely in elaborate period costume. This is an extravaganza for *incurable romantics*. (United Artists)

CAREER. Phil Stong's novel about young folks at the crossroads of life in a small Iowa town has a touch of rural authenticity about it which makes this adaptation tolerable human interest drama, but its chief interest lies in the strength of Edward Ellis' central characterization. Leigh Jason's direction is slowed up frequently by the talkiness of the script, but the moments of dulness are made up on the occasions when Mr. Ellis is given an opportunity to shine. The general store-keeper of Pittsville, who had run second in romance to the current mayor twenty-five years ago, brings about the collapse of the latter's bank when he finds it unsound. Ironically his attempt to save his fellow citizens from financial loss almost results in his being lynched. Anne Shirley, Janet Beecher and Leon Errol realize well-conceived characters and there is enough domestic appeal in this to recommend it to *all as quiet entertainment*. (RKO)

WANTED BY SCOTLAND YARD. English detective melodramas have a quality all their own. They are seldom as obviously thrilling as the domestic product, but they delight in charming coincidences, such as making a master pianist out of a master cracksman, as in this *mildly absorbing adventure for adults*. James Stephenson is adept in the main rôle and is alone familiar to American audiences. (Monogram)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

MANY tourists entered the state of matrimony. . . . In the Northwest, a Cooke-Kitchen wedding was celebrated as one of the Cookes took a Kitchen to wife. . . . Acceptance of one of the Midwest Parsons by a Chapel led to a Parsons-Chappel nuptial ceremony. . . . In the East, a Bumm-Foote marriage was sealed. . . . Other tourists departed from the state of matrimony. . . . In California, a Mrs. Marriage sued for divorce. The case was noted on the court docket as: "Marriage vs. Marriage." . . . A nation-wide matrimonial bureau conducted behind the walls of a prison was uncovered in the Ohio Penitentiary. . . . In Tecolotepec, Mexico, two rivals, one ten, the other eleven years old, fought a pistol duel for the love of a woman aged ten. . . . Engagements were announced. A Rockwell-Cradel betrothal, also a Little-Peace and a Hare-Lippe betrothal were revealed. . . . The subtle influence of beef stew became known. For more than an hour a New Yorker stood on the edge of a high roof poised for a suicide leap. He scorned the appeals of police, but weakened when his grandmother offered him the same hot stew he loved as a boy. Profoundly moved by the stew odor, he gave up his ambition to be a suicide. . . . The great variety of baby-training techniques was glimpsed. . . . A three-year-old New England infant smokes one cigar, one pipe and two cigarettes daily. . . . A four-year-old New Jerseyan is given only three cigars a week, no cigarettes, no pipe. . . . A three-year-old Missourian smokes nothing but a pipe. . . . New causes for arrest were unfolded. . . . In New York a man was sent to jail for being tickled. According to his recital to the judge, he was standing near a fire-alarm box when somebody tickled him. His arm jerked up, rang a false alarm. . . .

The trend toward more restful living continued. . . . A shovel equipped with a seat for the shoveler to sit on was produced by an Illinois company. . . . Historical research increased the stock of human erudition when the long-disputed question—who originated the milk shake?—was finally settled. Studies of a Southwestern professor revealed that the American Indian invented the milk shake. . . . Judicial precedents were established. Exemplifying the be-kind-to-animals spirit, an English judge ruled that a pony is entitled to bite a human being once. The bitten human may obtain damages only if the pony is taking his second bite. New York State recently bestowed the one-bite privilege on dogs despite the protests of letter-carriers and delivery men. Viewing the increasing protection afforded the rights of animals in the democracies, observers predicted a rush of animal life from the totalitarian states to the various democracies. . . . Another legal precedent—that panhandling from friends deserves a longer jail term than panhandling from strangers—was set up by an Omaha judge. . . . An instance of supreme self-control was unearthed in Rochester. For nine years a citizen there held himself rigidly in check while his neighbor screeched out operatic arias, from the porch next door. Only once during that long period did he pepper the neighbor with buck-shot. . . . Anniversaries were noted. . . . Loafers' Glory, N. C. celebrated the sixtieth year of its existence. . . . The twenty-fifth anniversary of the mailing of a postcard in Paris in 1914 was commemorated by the arrival of the card at its American destination last week.

William F. Russell, Dean of Teachers College, Columbia University, warned some 700 students attending the summer sessions they "would hear a lot of Communist propaganda here this summer and you want to be prepared for it." Last Winter he declared Communists paid students three dollars a day to spread propaganda at Columbia. Nobody is allowed to spread Americanism in Moscow!

THE PARADER